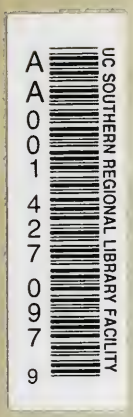
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Publications
OF THE
University of Pennsylvania

SERIES IN
Philology and Literature

VOLUME XI.

THE HECTOR OF GERMANIE

OR THE

PALSGRAVE PRIME ELECTOR

WRITTEN BY

WENTWORTH SMITH

REPRINTED FROM THE QUARTO OF 1615
AND EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

LEONIDAS WARREN PAYNE, Jr.
Sometime Harrison Fellow in English, University of Pennsylvania

Published for the University
PHILADELPHIA
1906

The John C. Winston Co., Selling Agents.
1006-16 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Presented to the
Library of the University of Texas
by
L. W. Payne, Jr.
Nov. 17, 1906.

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PREFACE

The play which is here reprinted for the first time from an original of the rare quarto of 1615 illustrates a type of drama little studied because of the rarity of surviving examples or accessible reprints. It is what we may term an occasional play of the journalistic type, being written and produced to satisfy a demand on the part of the public for a presentation on the stage, even if in enforced historical disguise, of persons who were at the moment the central figures of an interesting public event. The play is in itself a popular expression of the gratification and satisfaction of the citizen class on the occasion of the marriage, February 14, 1613, of King James's daughter, the beautiful young princess Elizabeth, known as the "Queen of hearts," to Frederick V., Elector of the Rhenish Palatinate.

In the reprint care has been taken to follow in the minutest detail the text of the quarto. The list of persons in the play and the division into acts and scenes are my own. Texual emendations or readings of a typographical nature are given at the bottom of the pages, and a limited number of notes has been appended at the end of the play.

I here take occasion to express my thanks to Professor Felix E. Schelling for his kindly assistance and sympathetic guidance throughout my university course, and to Dr. Josiah H. Penniman, Dr. Clarence G. Child, and Dr. E. P. Cheyney for suggestions and aid on the present piece of work.

INTRODUCTION

I

The first question which presents itself to the student of the play before us is whether the initial in the signature of the author on the title pages and at the end of the play stands for Wentworth or William. We have contemporary evidence of Wentworth Smith as a prolific playwright working about 1601 and later, but of William Smith absolutely nothing in the way of dramatic work of which we can be positive. The former is mentioned three times under his full name in Henslowe's accounts with the Admiral's men[1] and numerous times as "Mr Smith." His name occurs as collaborator with Day, Houghton, Chettle, Munday, Hathway, Heywood, Dekker, Webster, and once he is credited as sole author of a play. The most important entry in Henslowe regarding Smith is the receipt for money paid in advance on a play. In the body of this receipt Smith's full name occurs, and at the end of it his signature in his own handwriting is affixed.[2] This signature is exactly the same as that found at the end of the play before us. This is a significant fact and one which goes a long way toward proving the identity of the author, since it is in such connexions that he was most likely to put his usual signature. Outside of *Henslowe's Diary* there seems to be no further record of Wentworth Smith that can be positively identified.

The only possible bit of contemporary evidence of a playwright William Smith comes through Warburton's list of the manuscript plays destroyed by his servant. In this list,

[1]Collier, *Henslowe's Diary*, pp. 202, 203, 213.

[2]See p. 13, where this receipt is reprinted in full, and compare Collier, *Annals of the Stage*, III. 99, where Smith's signature is reproduced.

made some time after 1720, occurs the entry, "*St George for England* by Will. Smithe."[3] This list was made, let it be remembered, from memory and quite a number of years after Phillips, Winstanley, Langbaine, and Jacob had recorded William Smith as the author of *The Hector of Germany*. The "Will." recorded by Warburton is in all probability his own expansion for the simple initial in the manuscript which he claims to have possessed.

Turning now to the various books on the lives of the dramatic poets, we find the account of Smith so inadequate and faulty that we must conclude the compilers had very little or no information further than the evidence contained in the title page and dedicatory letter of the play before us. Edward Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum* (1675), enters William Smith as the author of "a tragedy entitled *Hieronymo;* so also the *Hector of Germany.*"[4] William Winstanley copied this verbatim in *The Lives of the Most Famous English Poets* (1687). Gerard Langbaine, in *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets* (1691) improved upon the foregoing by omitting the erroneous entry regarding *Hieronymo* (perhaps identical with Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*) and by mentioning *The Freeman's Honour;* but he made the mistake of attributing to the dramatist a share with W. Webbe in *The Description of the County Palatine of Chester.*[5] An anonymous book, *Lives and Characters of the English Dramatic Poets* (1698), follows Langbaine. Giles Jacob, in *The Poetical Register* (1719), also based on Langbaine, avoids the errors of all those who had preceded him by limiting his notice to *The Hector of Germany.* We next come to *Biographia Dramatica* (1812), begun by D. E. Baker in 1764, continued by Isaac Reed to 1782, and brought down to 1811 by Stephen Jones, and here we still

[3] See Steevens and Reed, *Shakespeare's Works* (1803), II, 371.

[4] Cf. Sir E. Brydges's reprint of *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum* (1824), II. 15.

[5] See below, p. 10.

find our play, together with *The Freeman's Honour* and *St. George for England,* assigned to William Smith.[6] But just above this entry Wentworth Smith is recorded as the author of *The Three Brothers,* and mention is made of the fact that he was "accustomed to write dramatic pieces in conjunction with others as *Albeke Gallas,* with Thomas Heywood."

From this time on writers on the dramatic poets are continually confusing Wentworth Smith and William Smith. Hazlitt[7] and Collier[8] seem inclined to ascribe *The Hector of Germany* to Wentworth Smith. Fleay[9] attempts to make out a case for two separate authors, but admits that he is still in doubt. Ward[10] hedges by saying that nothing written independently by Smith has been preserved "unless a fair case can be held to be made out for this prolific dramatist's authorship of the still extant *Honourable Hystorie,* or *The Hector of Germany.*" E. Irving Carlyle, in the *Dictionary of National Biography* assigns the play to Wentworth Smith, and concludes his article with the statement, "All the plays assigned to W. Smith in the early seventeenth century are in all probability from the pen of Wentworth Smith."

There were two other writers of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries whose names were William Smith. One of these was the author of the book of sonnets called *Chloris, or the Complaint of the Passionate Despised Shepheard* (1596), and of several other fugitive poems signed "W. S." or "W. S., Gent." in *The Phœnix Nest* (1595), *England's Helicon* (1600) and elsewhere, beside the lost manuscript *A New Yeares Guifte, or a Posie made upon certen Flowers.* The other was William Smith the

[6] II. 677.
[7] *Manual for the Collector of Old English Plays,* p. 101.
[8] *Annals of the Stage,* III. 272.
[9] *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama,* II. 251.
[10] *History of English Dramatic Literature,* II. 607.

herald, author of twenty or more unpublished manuscripts on heraldric and historical subjects, besides a book published in 1656, *The Vale Royall of England, or County Palatine of Chester,* written in conjunction with W. Webbe, and *The Particular Description of England* published in 1879. There is no evidence that either of these men ever wrote plays. Nothing can be more certain, it seems to me, than that the William Smith who wrote the book of sonnets in 1596 did not write *The Hector of Germany* in 1613. The other William Smith, the herald, was born about 1550, proceeded B.A. at Oxford in 1567, traveled in Germany in 1579, and for some years lived in Nuremberg, where he married a German wife. He returned to England and in 1597 was created rouge dragon pursuivant at arms, in which office he remained until his death in 1618. It is very improbable that as an old man he should have turned to the writing of plays. Both these men signed their names "W. Smith." It is very likely that the expansion of the initial on the title page of our play into William by the compilers of the lives of the dramatists was done on the basis of the common practise of the time, and is without warrant in fact.

It should be remarked also that there are two entries in Henslowe's account-book which seem to refer to an actor by the name of William Smith. In a note[11] made out by Henslowe to his nephew, Francis Henslowe, June 1, 1596, "Wm Smyght, player" signs as witness, and in a list of house rentals for 1602[12] "Wm Smythe" is charged with two pounds and ten shillings. These references lead us to no conclusion.

With the evidence before us we are led to the conclusion that the W. Smith of our play is Wentworth Smith.

[11] *Henslowe's Diary,* p. 8.
[12] *Ibid.,* p. 265.

II.

Practically all that is positively known about Wentworth Smith is recorded in *Henslowe's Diary.*[1] He flourished between 1601 and 1603, and was during these years in the employ of Henslowe writing for the Admiral's men at the Rose. His name seldom occurs as the sole producer of a play; but between April 4, 1601, and March 12, 1603, there are fifteen plays in which he is mentioned alone or in partnership with various other poets in Henslowe's employ. It is doubtful whether a single scrap of any of these plays is now extant, but it shall be our present task to sum up what is contained in the *Diary* concerning each one of them and to make such comment as shall seem worth while, reserving for a later section the discussion of possible fragments which have been thought to have survived.

1. *The Conquest of the West Indies,* Day, Houghton, Smith. 1601, Apr. 4, 11; May 2, 21; Aug. 5, 11, 16; Sept. 1, 31; Oct. 10; 1602, Jan. 21. Mention of this play is likewise made in *The Alleyn Papers,*[2] April 4, 1601, pp. 23, 24.

The first entry of a play in which Smith is given a part is dated April 4, 1601, and refers to *The Conquest of the West Indies,* by Day, Houghton, and Smith, but Smith's name is not included until the entry of April 11, where he is called "Mr Smith," and this is the only time his name is mentioned in connection with the play. Of the five pounds fifteen shillings paid for the play one pound is recorded as paid to Smith and Houghton, so that the former's share seems to have been small. This is perhaps the first connection Smith had with the Admiral's men, and in all probability his earliest effort at dramatic composition was some minor part in this piece. John Day must have written the

[1] Ed. by Collier for the Shakspeare Society, 1845.
[2] Ed. by Collier for the Shakspeare Society, 1843.

larger part of the play, as he seems to have received the lion's share of the money. The property entries show that the cost of the staging was the extraordinary sum of fifteen pounds. In the reference cited above to the *Alleyn Papers* is a note signed by Samuel Rowley, which informs Henslowe that he had heard five sheets of this play "and I dow not doute but it will be a verye good playe: tharefore, I praye ye delyver them fortye shyllynges In earneste of it, and take the papers into Yr one hands, and on easter eve thaye promyse to make an ende of all the reste."

2. *The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey,* Chettle, Drayton, Munday, Smith. 1601, Aug. 24; Sept. 31; Oct. 10; Nov. 6, 9, 12; and doubtful references dated 1602, May 15, 18, 27, 29; June 2.

Cardinal Wolsey's Life by Chettle was first put on the boards some time about Aug. 13, 1601.[3] It must have been very successful, for on August 24, 1601, we find a note in the *Diary,*[4] which shows that a second play was demanded on the same subject within ten days after the appearance of Chettle's play. The material for the new piece was evidently drawn from the earlier incidents of Wolsey's life, hence Henslowe calls it "j pt of cornall Wollsey," or "the Rissenge of cornowlle Wolsey," but as it was written subsequently to Chettle's play it is also sometimes referred to as the second part, and much confusion has resulted. Apparently Smith was connected only with *The Rising.* With Munday and Drayton he was employed to assist Chettle in order to hasten the appearance of the new play. Evidences of this haste are indicated in the fact that the play was licensed piecemeal.[5] The only time Smith's name occurs is in the entry of three pounds in full payment of the "firste pt of cornowll Wollsey."

[3] *Henslowe's Diary,* p. 197.
[4] *Ibid.,* p. 198.
[5] *Ibid.,* p. 200.

3 and 4. *The Six Clothiers, Part One,* Hathway, Smith, Houghton. 1601, Oct. 12, 22. *Part Two,* Hathway, Smith, Houghton. 1601, between Nov. 3 and 8, two entries.

Collier makes no reference to *The Six Clothiers* in the index to his edition of Henslowe, but under the item *"Six Yeomen of the West"* he puts down Houghton, Hathway, and Smith as authors of both parts. There seems to have been but one part of the *Six Yeomen,* and Haughton and Day are recorded as the authors of this. Full payment for this play is dated June 8, 1601, and the first payment for *The Six Clothiers* "in earneste" is dated October 12, 1601. The amount paid the three poets for the two parts of the latter play is, as I make it out, only seven pounds. This is much less than was usually paid for two plays, and for this reason it may be conjectured that the old play was expanded into two parts and the name changed to attract patronage as to a new play. There seems to be no good reason for believing that all the entries refer to the same play, but that the subject was the same we may be sure from a popular contemporary prose romance by Thomas Deloney, *Thomas of Reading, or the Six Worthy Yeomen of the West,*[6] which relates the adventures of six cloth merchants of western England.

In connection with the second part of *The Six Clothiers* we have a very important receipt signed in his own name by "W. Smyth." It reads,

> Receaved by us, Ri. Hathway, Wentworth Smyth, and William Houghton, of Mr. Hinslye, the summe of forty shillings, in earneste of the play called the second pte of the sixe clothyers—
>
> Ri. Hathway
> W. Smyth

[6]Reprinted by Thoms in *Early English Prose Romances,* I. 57.

There is no date, but preceding and succeeding entries show that it must have fallen between November 3 and November 8, 1601.[7] Houghton was probably absent at the time the note was drawn and it was expected that he would add his name later. The evidence of this note would seem to prove that Wentworth Smith's usual signature was "W. Smyth," and we may assume that he signed his name thus on the last page of *The Hector of Germany* where it is printed exactly in this form. On the two title pages and in the dedicatory letter it is "W. Smith."

5. *Too Good to be True, or The Northern Man,* Chettle, Hathway, Smith. 1601, Nov. 14; 1602, Jan. 6, 7. Mentioned also in *The Alleyn Papers,* p. 25.

Collier[8] notes that the story of *Too Good to be True, or The Northern Man,* is doubtless the same as *The King and the Poor Northern Man, or Too Good to be True,* an old ballad reprinted by the Percy Society, 1841. A note in regard to the last payment on the play, signed by Robt. Shaa [Shaw], is found in *The Alleyn Papers.*

6. *Love Parts Friendship,* Chettle, Smith. 1602, May 4, 31.

For this play the usual amount of six pounds is made in one payment to "harye Chetell and Mr Smyth."

7. *Albert Galles,* Heywood, Smith. 1602, Sept. 3 and 4 (two entries).

In another place, the probable relation of *Alberte Galles* to *Nobody and Somebody* is treated, and the possible connection of the entry dated September 3, 1602,[9] with

[7] *Henslowe's Diary,* p. 213.
[8] *Ibid.,* p. 204.
[9] Quoted in full below, p. 48.

Heywood's *The foure Prentises of London* is also discussed in that section.

8. *Marshal Osrick,* Smith, Heywood. 1602, Sept, 20, 30; Nov. 3.

The discussion of *Marshal Osrick* in relation to its possible connection with Heywood's *Royall King and Loyall Subject* will be taken up below.

9. *The Three Brothers,* Smith. 1602, Oct. 1, 11, 15, two undated property entries, 22, 23 (two entries); Nov. 12.

The Three Brothers is the first and in fact the only play recorded by Henslowe on which Smith seems to have worked alone. The name of the play is evidently *The Three Brothers,*[10] though all the entries regarding the book of the play have "ij" in the title. The last three property entries call the play the "iij" brothers" and we may infer that the scribe first learned of his mistake at the time the play was being staged. These entries give us some idea of the contents of the play. Devils' suits, a witch's gown, spirits' suits, and boards and nails "for to macke a tabell and coffen" are mentioned. The last entry of all is especially interesting. It reads, "Pd. at the apoyntment of John Lowen, the 12 of Novmbr 1602, unto Mr. Smyth, the some of x s." There is no definite reason assigned as to why this ten shillings was paid to Smith, but from the proximity to the other entries on *The Three Brothers* it may be conjectured that the extra sum was given to the author after the successful appearance of the play. There are several other instances in which Henslowe paid ten shillings as a bonus after particularly successful first performances. On one

[10]Rowley, Day, and Wilkins wrote a play called *The Travels of the Three English Brothers,* but it was not the same in subject.

occasion it is noted that Dekker received ten shillings "over and above his price of his boocke called medysen for a curste wiffe."[11]

The dates of the first three entries would seem to indicate that the play was written in fifteen days. Comparing these dates with those of the payments on *Marshal Osrick,* September 20, 30, and those on *Lady Jane Grey,* October 15, 21, etc., we are comparatively safe in saying that Smith and Heywoood put their play together in ten days, and that Smith finished his *Three Brothers* in fifteen days. If my conjecture on the payment of the ten shillings to Smith as a bonus be correct, *The Three Brothers* was written, appointed, learned by the actors, and played in just a little more than one month.

10. *Lady Jane Grey, Part One,* Chettle, Dekker, Heywood, Smith, Webster. 1602, Oct. 15, 21, 27.

Fleay[12] prints parts one and two of *Lady Jane* as by Chettle, Dekker, Heywood, Smith, and Webster, but these poets were concerned only in the first part. The entry of October 27th states that Henslowe lent John Duke five shillings to give Dekker in earnest of the second part, but whether he ever wrote it is a matter of doubt. Henslowe does not mention it again, and Dekker was immediately employed in another play with Heywood, Webster, and Chettle. Perhaps the plan of presenting a second part had to be abandoned on account of interference from the authorities. The succession to Henry's throne was a subject that might easily incur opposition from the court. Fleay[13] says the parts of *1* and *2 Lady Jane* contributed by Dekker and Webster were published in 1607 as *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt.* He gives no argument or proof for the conjecture.[14]

[11] *Henslowe's Diary,* p. 240.
[12] *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama,* II. 250.
[13] *Ibid.,* I. 130.
[14] For Smith's possible connection with *Sir Thomas Wyatt,* see p. 51.

11. *As Merry as May be,* Day, Smith, Hathway. 1602, Nov. 8, 17.

This play was written for presentation at court, and on this account the authors of it were paid the unusual sum of nine pounds.

12. *The Black Dog of Newgate, Part One,* Day, Hathway, Smith, and 'the other poet.' 1602, Nov. 24, 26; Dec. 20; 1603, Jan. 10, 16.

13. *The Unfortunate General, French History,* Hathway, Smith, Day, and 'the other poet.' 1603, Jan. 7, 10, 16, 19, 24.

14. *The Black Dog of Newgate, Part Two,* Hathway, Smith, Day, and 'the other poet.' 1603, Jan. 29; Feb. 3, 15, 21, 24, 26.

Fleay[15] conjectures that Houghton was 'the other poet'[16] who assisted Day, Hathway, and Smith in the two parts of *The Black Dog of Newgate* and *The Unfortunate General.* He adds, however, "perhaps Webster, but still more probably Chettle." At best it is a mere guess. The fourth poet was probably some new man who wished his identity concealed from the manager, or whose name Henslowe could not recall. The property entries show that the title is not metaphorical. "Lame skenes" [lamb skins] were bought for making up the dog, and an expensive suit of black satin was called for in the second part. In an inventory of the property of the Lord Admiral's men taken at an earlier date[17] is an item of "j black dogge."

[15] *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama,* I. 270.

[16] *Ibid.,* I. 270.

[17] March 10, 1598. *Henslowe's Diary,* p. 274. Cf. also a reference in the *Witch of Edmonton,* Dekker's Works, IV. 406, where the clown, speaking of the black dog-devil in that play, says, "Neither is this the black dog of Newgate."

The Unfortunate General on some subject from French history was produced by the same poets between the first and second parts of *The Black Dog of Newgate.* The last three entries[18] record two pounds paid to the four poets for additions to the second part of *The Black Dog.* Collier[19] notes that eight pounds had already been paid for this part, but the records show only seven.

15. *An Italian Tragedy,* Smith, Day(?). 1600, Jan. 10 (Day), 1603, March 7, 12 (Smith).

Collier[20] states in a note that Malone[21] erroneously says John Day was concerned in the authorship of *An Italian Tragedy;* but Collier probably overlooked the entry dated much earlier, January 10, 1600, in which the record is made of forty shillings paid to Day in earnest of his book called *The Italian Tragedy.* Smith alone seems to have received for *An Italian Tragedy* the usual amount paid for a new play. Perhaps he was commissioned by Henslowe to finish up the play begun by Day several years before. Fleay[22] suggests in several places that this play may have been the same as *The Orphan's Tragedy,* but he gives no reason for the supposition. Day, Houghton, and Chettle are mentioned in connection with the last named play, and the references are dated November 27, 1599, and September 24, 1601. This is a wide range of dates, but they do not accord with those in which *An Italian Tragedy* is mentioned, and I see no reason for assuming the plays to be identical.

In addition to the information in *Henslowe's Diary* regarding the fifteen entries preceding, the following plays have been ascribed to Smith:

[18] See entry 14 above.
[19] *Henslowe's Diary,* p. 249.
[20] *Ibid.,* p. 250.
[21] *Shakespeare's Works,* III, 328.
[22] *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama,* I. 106, II. 286.

16. *The Freeman's Honour,* "acted by the Now-seruants of the King's Maiestie, to dignifie the worthy Companie of the Marchantaylors."[23]

Fleay[24] thinks this is the play performed January 4, 1614, at the Merchant Taylors' Hall at the marriage of the Earl of Somerset.[25]

17. *The Hector of Germany, or the Palsgrave, Prime Elector.* Written 1613, printed in quarto, 1615.

18. *Saint George for England,* a manuscript destroyed by Warburton's cook and ascribed in Warburton's list to William Smith.

19. *The Fair Foul One, or the Baiting of a Jealous Knight.* Licensed by Herbert Nov. 28. 1623, "for a strange company at the Red Bull, written by Smith."

Fleay[26] prints the entry and inserts William in brackets. There is no authority beyond his opinion for the insertion.

III.

The Hector of Germany was entered on the Stationers' books April 24, 1615, being presented by Josias Harrison, the publisher, and it passed "under the hands of Sir George Bucke and both the wardens."[1] The author's name is not mentioned. After the title of the play come four words "is a harmless thing," but these are scored through by a later hand. This was probably the expression of Sir George Buc's satisfaction as to the contents of the play and an

[23] See the dedicatory letter to *The Hector of Germany,* p. 67.

[24] *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama,* II. 251.

[25] See Nichols, *Progresses of King James,* II. 732.

[26] *History of the London Stage,* p. 303.

[1] Stationers' Company. Transcript of the Registers, ed. by Arber, III. 260 b.

indication of his permission for the manuscript to procede to the press without excision.

The copy of the play owned by the Library of the University of Pennsylvania has two title pages. The two copies of the play in the British Museum have only the first title page, while the copy in the Boston Public Library has only the second. Whether there were two editions called for within one year or whether the extra title page was struck off as a kind of broadside or outside covering for advertising purposes it is impossible to decide. There is no evidence of a second impression except in the existence of these two title pages. The text is identical in all the copies I have mentioned above.

The most interesting item on the title page is the announcement that the play was "acted at the Red Bull, and at the Curtaine" (probably not more than once or twice at each of the theaters named) by a company of young men of the city—apprentices no doubt.

The dedicatory letter to Sir John Swinnerton was, in all probability, written in 1615, near the time of the publication of the play. Sir John Swinnerton retired from the mayoralty toward the end of the year 1613, and the address to him as "sometimes Lord Mayor" clearly indicates that the dedication was written later than the play itself. This Lord Mayor was a merchant and a man of great wealth. When he was Sheriff in 1603 he went with the Mayor of London and the principal citizens to meet King James on his journey from Theobolds to London. He was knighted with other aldermen at Whitehall in July following. In 1612 he accused the farmers of the customs of defrauding the king of more than 70,000 pounds a year, "but upon ripping up the matter they went away acquitted, and he commended for his good meaning to the king's service." During his mayoralty the jurisdiction over the Thames and Medway as enjoyed by the mayor of London was finally settled; and on Michaelmas day, 1613, he attended, with

Sir Thomas Middleton, that day elected Mayor for the ensuing year, at the opening of the New River head.[2] Dekker's *Mask or Triumph in honor of the installation of Sir John Swinnerton, Knight,* October 29, 1612, was celebrated in the presence of Frederick V, Count Palatine of the Rhine. The dedicatory letter of this *Mask* is very similar to that prefixed to *The Hector of Germany.* It was a very costly and elaborate pageant and the gild of the merchants, of whom Sir John Swinnerton was an honored member and at one time master, defrayed the cost of production. The song of welcome at the close of the fourth triumph is one of Dekker's characteristic lyrical productions, and the last stanza, though not one of the best of the poem, seems worth quoting in this connection:

Goe on nobly, may thy name,
Be as old and good as fame,
Ever be remembered here
Whilst a blessing or a tear
Is in store
With the pore,
So shall Swinnerton nere dye
But his virtues upward flye,
And still spring
Whilst we sing
In a chorus ceasing never
He is living, living ever.

The view of the Lord Mayor expressed here and in Smith's dedication appears from the play of Robert Tailor entitled *The Hog hath lost his Pearle* (1614)[3] not to have been universally held by the citizen apprentices or members of the quality. In this extremely vulgar and artificial the prologue to the play. In the latter we meet such expres-

[2]Delaune, *Present State of London* (1681).
[3]Reprinted in Hazlitt-Dodsley, *Old Eng. Plays,* XI. 425.

production, interesting though it is, the Lord Mayor is represented as Hog, a usurer and miser absolutely devoid of all human feeling. He becomes the dupe of Haddit and Lightfoot, by whom he is robbed of his daughter and defrauded of his hoarded wealth. In the last act the chief character is so suddenly and unaccountably transformed from his avaricious and miserly nature into a generous and forgiving father that one wonders how it could have been effected without the intervention of a *deus ex machina.* That the Lord Mayor and perhaps some of the other officers associated with him are satirized in this play is certain from Sir Henry Wotton's letter to Sir Edmund Bacon[4] and from sions as, "The long time rumour'd Hog....still deceiving men's expectations....at length got loose, Leaving his servile yoke-stick to the goose, Hath a Knight's license.... Our Swine is not grunting at state affairs, or invecting much at our city vices....Thinking we liv'd 'mongst Jews that loved no Swine's flesh, etc."

The prologue of *The Hector of Germany* gives the clew to the probable date of the writing and acting of the play. The author disclaims any intention of bringing upon the stage while he lived

> That Prince which in this Kingdome late,
> Marryed the Mayden-glory of our state.

The date of the marriage was February 14, 1613, and we may judge from the nature of the play that within a few weeks after this event or simultaneously with the court festivities subsequent to the marriage the citizen company presented the play to a citizen audience. It seemed necessary for the prologue to offer some excuse for the unusual appearance of men of trade on the stage and to disavow

[4] *Reliquae Wottonianae* (1672), p. 402. Quoted in Hazlitt-Dodsley, *Old Eng. Plays,* II. 425, introduction to *The Hog hath lost his Pearle.*

any intent of emulating or coming into competition with the regular actors.

The play opens with Robert the Palsgrave, Palatine of the Rhine, represented as on a bed of sickness just at the time when the Bastard, Henry of Trastomare, half-brother to Peter, the king of Spain, had come into Germany aspiring to the Emperor's crown. The English King (Edward III) had sent the Prime Elector or Palsgrave a letter asking that the Duke of Savoy be placed on the imperial throne, and this Duke, with the King of Bohemia and the Marquis of Brandenburg, is represented as regretting the misfortune of the Palsgrave's sickness, since without the Palsgrave Savoy would have a poor chance of obtaining the crown. The Bishop of Cullen (Cologne) is also of this party, and the opposing party is made up of the Bastard (Henry of Trastomare), the Duke of Saxony, the Bishop of Mentz (Mainz), and the Bishop of Trier. Open hostilities break out, and the Palsgrave has to be removed to a castle lower down the river. The Duke of Saxony desires to rule the empire by proxy, since he is barred the throne, according to the play,[5] so he purposes to put the Bastard in power and direct affairs through him. In the first altercation between the Palsgrave's and Saxon's party, Savoy, Bohemia, and Brandenburg are taken prisoners, and the castle from which the Palsgrave had just been removed is destroyed. In the presence of the prisoners the Bastard is crowned *Rex Romanorum*. King Peter (Pedro the Cruel) in the disguise of a hermit suddenly arrives from Spain to ask aid of the Palsgrave against his enemy, the Bastard, who, curiously enough, is already in Germany in the midst of the broils over the succession to the emperorship. Cullen comes in from the field and announces one disaster after another, the effect being that the Palsgrave is roused from his sickness by the bad news, though he is forced to fall back on

[5] See below, p. 74.

his bed when the excitement of the moment has passed. Peter determines to use his medical skill to cure the Palsgrave.

The scene now shifts to England, where we have the story of young Fitzwaters, who is in love with Floramel the daughter of Lord Clinton. The elder Fitzwaters wanted to marry this girl and had secretly arranged the match with her father. The young lovers after being once betrayed into the hands of the angry parents, succeed in escaping to sea while the elder Fitzwaters proceeds to church to marry a page dressed in Floramel's clothes. The King of England happens upon them during the turmoil which succeeds the discovery of the ruse and effects an immediate reconciliation between Lord Clinton and the elder Fitzwaters, who were now in a desperate quarrel. A messenger then enters with a letter from Robert the Palsgrave. From this letter we learn that after defeating Savoy and his party, the Bastard, now made emperor, has shipped for Spain, where the Palsgrave, lately recovered, thanks to King Peter's skill, will follow him.

We now pass to Spain, where, on the field of Mazieres, the Palsgrave defeats and captures the Bastard, who, however, escapes from his guardians, Peter and Cullen, by the help of Saxon. After their discomfiture on the field of battle Saxon and the Bastard quarrel and fight a duel, but neither is hurt and they become reconciled. They then decide to go to solicit aid from King John of France to counterbalance the move of the Palsgrave who had gone to England to draw King Edward to his side. The Bastard dispatches two Spanish villains, Vandome and Mendozze, to attempt the death of King Edward and the Palsgrave in England, but their plot fails, and they retire to the lodging of Robert of Artoise, a disgruntled French courtier, now in England. The French King receives the Bastard's party favorably and sends an embassy to King Edward, advising him not to aid the Palsgrave.

During this time King Edward has been entertaining the Palsgrave in jousts, tournaments, and other festivities, and has finally created him Knight of the Garter. The French embassy is received and haughtily answered. Saxon, disguised as a Frenchman, has accompanied the embassy, and his hot temper causes him to betray himself. The Palsgrave disgraces him by pulling off his wig in the presence of the king, and a duel is arranged to be fought at some later time. Robert of Artoise, who had been one of Edward's advisers, is now out of favor, and is ready to enter into any sort of plot against the English King. Saxon confers with him and the two Spanish villains, and they determine to waylay the English King in France, whither he, with the Palsgrave, proposed to go to answer in force the peremptory embassy of King John.

In the meantime the young lovers have been shipwrecked. Floramel, having been cast on the French coast, is taken up by the King of France, who, in spite of the fact that he was married, falls desperately in love with the girl and makes all sorts of proposals to her, so that the jealousy of the French Queen is aroused. Young Fitzwaters is cast on a rock in mid-seas, and is rescued later by Saxon and Artoise. Saxon goes to join the court and Fitzwaters is compelled to join Artoise and the two Spaniards in the plot to murder the English King. By a skilful manipulation Fitzwaters kills the three would-be murderers of his king and then very conveniently falls into the good graces of the French Queen, who, through love of him and on account of her jealousy, betrays her husband and his friends into the hands of the English at a masked dance. Floramel and Fitzwaters experience a few moments of mutual doubt, but are soon reassured, and after satisfying Lord Clinton and Lord Fitzwaters, who arrive on the scene fresh from their achievement of liberating Savoy and his friends from captivity, the young couple are happily married, or rather their secret precontract is confirmed. Saxon and the Palsgrave

prepare for a mortal combat, in which, of course, the former is killed. The Duke of Savoy is then recognized as Emperor by all, and the victorious party departs for Germany, where Savoy is to be crowned with ceremony.

IV.

Let us turn now to the consideration of the historical material upon which the incidents in the play are based.

After the death of Emperor Charles IV in 1378, Winceslaus, or Wenzel, his eldest son, was elected to succeed him. Wenzel was a notably corrupt and incapable ruler, and the empire fell into decay under his weak control. The twenty-two years extending from his election to 1400, when he was deposed, were years of turmoil and contention not unlike the period of the Thirty Years' War. At the deposition of Wenzel, Robert the Palsgrave of the Rhine (Ruprecht III) was elected in his stead. This Palsgrave was not the one intended to be portrayed in the present play, for it was only in 1398 that he succeeded to the rule of the Duchy, at the death in that year of his father, Robert, or Ruprecht II. This last named Palsgrave is perhaps the original of the Robert in the play, but I have been unable to discover any source from which Smith may have acquired information concerning him. There is absolutely no historic basis for any of the achievements here attributed to Robert. The only possible reference that I have found which may have suggested the name is in Froissart's Chronicles,[7] where is recorded the deposing of Wenzel and the election of Robert Duke of Heidelberg, who was crowned at Cologne in 1400. He is spoken of as a valiant and prudent man, but unable to carry out his promise of restoring unity to the church. Ruprecht, or Robert II, the father of this emporer, was brave and active, and greatly respected as a statesman and soldier. He was an ardent sup-

[7] *Froissart's Chronicles,* tr. by Thomas Jones (1830), II. 710.

porter of the emperor Charles IV, and did the empire valuable service in various capacities. In 1365 he joined in the expedition against the English who had fallen upon Elsass, and it is not improbable that in 1375 he took part in the second expedition against these wandering bands of soldiers.[8] There seems to be no basis for the line of the play in which the Palsgrave is made to say,

> That nation [England] my Grandfather did love,

and the friendship of this Palsgrave for the English people seems to have been suggested to our author's mind by the mere presence of Frederick V in England on the occasion of his marriage to King James's daughter.

Turning now to the Spanish history with which the plot is concerned, we learn from Froissart[9] that Don Pedro IV, King of Castile, surnamed the Cruel, had three bastard brothers, children of the good Alphonsus and Eleanora de Guzman, the eldest of whom was known as Henry of Trastomare. Pedro hated them mortally and only awaited the death of his father to bring them to disgrace. Alphonsus during his lifetime had already given the county of Trastomare to Henry, but on his accession Pedro had taken it from him by force and was continually harrassing him in every way possible. This Henry of Trastomare, known as the Bastard, was a valiant and worthy soldier, and had been for some time in France, and served under King John at Poitiers. Pedro was a proud and cruel monarch, always in trouble with his people, his neighbors or with the Pope at Avignon. Pedro was excommunicated by Pope Urban and the birth of Henry was legitimated by a papal decree in order that the latter might lay claim to the throne of Castile. Froissart gives an account of how the barons and knights fell away from Peter in the struggle and how he had

[8] Cf. *Allgemeine deutsche Biographie,* XXIX. 737ff.

[9] *Froissart's Chronicles,* tr. by Thomas Jones (1830), I. 340.

to flee from Henry's invading army and shut himself up in hiding in a castle in Corrunna in Galacia. Henry was hailed as the deliverer of the people from the cruel and wicked Pedro, and crowned king in his stead. He richly rewarded the English and French knights who had aided him, and prepared to make an inroad upon Grenada to add fresh laurels to his recent successes. Don Pedro finally sent to entreat the Prince of Wales for assistance. Prince Edward, known as the Black Prince, was at this time at Bordeaux, in his province of Aquitaine. Upon the advice of his counsellors he decided to send an armed force to Corrunna to bring Pedro to Bordeaux, so that they could learn from him in person the condition of affairs. Pedro had already left Corrunna, but fortunately he met Edward's force at Bayonne and was conducted to Bordeaux. Prince Edward made a compact with Pedro regarding the payment of the soldiers, and led a large force into Spain to assist the deposed king. The battle of Navaretta was fought April 3, 1367, between the towns of Najarra (sometimes called Nazars) and Navaretta in Spain. Henry's army was routed, and he barely escaped with his life. After the defeat Henry proceeded as best he could to Valencia, where the King of Aragon resided. He decided to go on a visit to the Duke of Anjou, at Montpellier, with the purpose of gaining that Duke's assistance against Prince Edward and King Pedro. Preparations were going on for an attack on Edward's Duchy of Guienne, but the Prince made a protest to the King of France and gained the promise from him that no aid should be given the Bastard in French territory. Henry had gone to Bagnieres, a town of the province of Bigorre, in the Prince's dominions, and had succeeded in taking it by storm. Here he remained in garrison for some time.

The Black Prince was deceived by the King of Castile. He found that Don Pedro would not keep his agreements, and Prince Edward had been left to settle with his knights

and soldiers as best he could. The Black Prince was forced to break up his plate and have it coined for the men; but even this was not enough, so the dissatisfied army, after following Edward back to Bordeaux, was disbanded.

Henry retired from Bagnieres and returned to Aragon as soon as he learned that Prince Edward had withdrawn from Spain. Later he gathered an army, and, with the assistance of the King of Aragon and Bertrand du Guesclin, he made war upon Pedro, defeated him and took him prisoner, and a few days afterwards killed him in a personal encounter. Pedro was the stronger man and had the Bastard down and would have infallibly killed him if one of Henry's men had not pulled him over upon his back just as he was about to strike. Henry was thus enabled to stab him to the heart. This occurred in 1368. From this date on to his death Henry remained in undisputed possession of the throne of Castile. He was as much beloved by his people as Pedro had been hated.

Holinshed[10] gives a less detailed account based on Froissart, but does not follow the events after Prince Edward's withdrawal from Spain. Stow[11] condenses the whole of this narrative into one short note. In the *Abridgement*[12] of Stow is the following statement: "Edward Prince of Wales taking compassion upon Peter K. of Spaine, who was driuen out of his kingdome by Henry his bastard brother, entered Spaine wt a great puissance, & in a bactell at Nazers, put to flight ye foresaid bastard, he restored ye foresaid Peter to his former dignity; but not long after, Henry the bastard, whiles K. Peter sate at a table, suddenly thrust him through with a speare." This is taken, with the omission of merely one or two details, directly from Stow's *Annales*. The reference to Nazers as the battlefield was

[10] *Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland*, II. 681ff.

[11] *Annales*.

[12] Edmund Howes, *Abridgement of Stow* (ed. 1611), p. 137.

probably misread or misinterpreted as Mazieres by Smith.[13] There seems to have been no Mazieres in Spain, but there was such a town in France, and the author must have confused the two.

It will be seen from the above account, condensed from Froissart, Holinshed, and Stow, how absolutely inaccurate is every historic statement, character, or situation in the play. Henry the Bastard is portrayed as an ambitious, blood-thirsty and unscrupulous, though withal courageous, soldier. He states that the Black Prince opposed him lately at Mazieres, that his grandsire and great-grandsire had both worn the imperial crown, and he himself is crowned emperor in the play. The whole of his bold and romantic military career in Germany, his return to Mazieres in Spain, and his second defeat on the same field, this time at the hands of the Palatine of the Rhine, together with the journey to France, where he is forced to resign the emperor's crown to Savoy, are fictions made out of the whole cloth. The only suggestion in the chronicles quoted above of a fact which Smith might have grasped as a possible excuse for his treatment of Henry's career is that after Henry's defeat at the hands of the Black Prince at Navaretta in 1367 he fled into France. There was only one year between this event and the murder of Pedro by Henry, in 1368, and from these facts one would be inclined to place the action of the play between these dates; but the relation of certain events which follow show how imperfectly such a date would satisfy all the conditions of the plot.

The seven electors are all represented in the play, though the author seems to have been entirely unacquainted with the *Golden Bull* of Emperor Charles IV. The manner of election, the formalities and prescribed duties and offices of the various electors are, with one exception, ignored. This exception is in the case of the Palatine of the Rhine, who

[13]See the play, l. 73.

is called the Prime (Prince?) Elector, and is represented as temporarily filling the imperial office during the interregnum. This was one of the duties imposed upon the Palatine of the Rhine by the *Golden Bull.*[14] This may be accounted for by the circulation of the reports of the official rank of the Palatine Frederick V, who was at the time of the writing of the play making such a stir in England. That the author did not know anything about the duties and privileges of the electors is continually evident. In one place the Duke of Saxony is made to say that being an elector he is "bard the onely throne." At no time was there a provision that would have barred him from that doubtful honor.

Let us turn for a moment to the movements of Peter. We know what historical character is meant to be portrayed under this name, but that is all. In the play he is represented as a hermit skilled in the knowledge of the healing art, a mild-hearted religious devotee, a weak soldier, and a mistreated king. We have seen that Froissart gives him an entirely different character. In the play Peter says:

> Since the decease of Englands royall Sonne,
> That plac't me lately in Spayne's gouernment,
> Those that did feare me for his valor sake,
> Are by the traynes and falshood of my brother
> Reuolted from mee, etc.

It is a severe strain on the reader's credulity to hear Peter talking thus of the decease of the Black Prince when he himself had been dead for eight years at the time that event took place. Moreover, the excuse which Peter makes for leaving his realm and seeking aid first in France and then in Germany is too weak to be accepted as within the range of probability. It leaves Castile without a king, for

[14] Cf. *Golden Bull,* Henderson's *Historical Documents,* p. 234, and see line 13 of the play.

the Bastard was already in Germany. But our author needed in Germany a hermit with medical skill to cure the Palsgrave of his malady, and it is easy enough in this romantic sphere of history to make him a king and import him from beyond the Pyrenees. After the escape of the Bastard from Peter's custody[15] and the sharp reprimand given Peter by the Palsgrave, we hear nothing more of Don Pedro. The scene shifts to England and then to France, and the Spanish king is left presumably in peaceful possession of his throne.

On the English side we might expect somewhat more deference to be paid to the facts of history, but we are still in the realm of romance. The visit of the Palsgrave Robert to England is a plausible fiction based on the actual presence of the Palatine Frederick in the realm. We read in Stow and Holinshed of jousts and tournaments held at Windsor in honor of the founding of the Order of the Garter (1344) and similar events. The entertainments described in the play were really suggested by those given in honor of the visits of such princes as Christianus von Anhalt[16] and Frederick of the Palatinate of the Rhine,[17] when triumphs on land and water, feasts by night and by day, jousts and tourneys and all sorts of masks, triumphs and entertainments of every kind were prepared and presented with all the extravagant display of the London of the seventeenth century. The elaborate representation in the play of the bestowal of the Garter on the Palsgrave Robert was but a news item of what had occurred when Frederick V was initiated into that order.[18]

The Earl of Artoise is a historical character; but his death occurred in 1342, so that his appearance in the present "honourable hystorie" presents an inconsistency as to dates.

[15]See line 691 of the play.

[16]Stow, *Abridgement* (ed. 1611), p. 506.

[17]Stow, *Annales* (ed. 1631), p. 1002. Also Nichols, *James I*, Vol. II.

[18]Stow, *Annales* (ed. 1631), p. 1005, and Nichols, *James I*, Vol. II.

The original of this character was descended from the royal family of France and had married a sister of Philip VI. He was a man of violent passions and in consequence of some outburst was deprived of his possessions in the county of Artoise and driven into exile. In revenge for this disgrace he attached himself to King Edward, who showed him many favors. Artoise persuaded the king that he (King Edward) had a direct claim on the throne of France through his mother Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair. Froissart[19] says of him, "He was courteous, courageous, and gallant, and of the first blood of the world."

The same character appears more consistently with fact in that excellent anonymous play *The Raigne of King Edward III* (*circa* 1590), where he is portrayed as a brave officer and a loyal adherent to Edward's claims to the French crown. The ignominious part played by Artoise in the present play seems to be altogether a creation of the imagination of our author to meet the exigencies of his plot.

Which Duke of Savoy it was whom Edward wanted to have elected emperor I have been unable to decide. Holinshed[20] mentions a Duke of Savoy who entertained the Duke of Clarence royally when he visited Italy. Froissart[21] speaks of an Earl of Savoy who lived in the town of Piguerol, in Piedmont, and who entertained most magnificently one of Prince Edward's ambassadors. Stow mentions a Duke of Savoy among the men of rank slain at the battle of Cressy. The only foundation for the proposal of King Edward to the Palsgrave that the Duke of Savoy be elected emperor may be in the fact that the electors offered the emperor's crown to King Edward in 1347.[22] As far back as 1257 Richard, Duke of Cornwall, was chosen King of the Romans and went to Germany to receive the crown from the Pope,

[19] *Chronicles*, I. 36, 39, 120, etc.
[20] *Chronicles*, II. 685.
[21] *Chronicles*, I. 400.
[22] Cf. Longman, *Life of Edward III*, I. 292.

but after two years of empty show, all his ready money being by this time exhausted, he found himself without support or power; so he returned to England.[23]

Why King John, who died in 1364, should have been made to play so contemptible a part in the play is a matter difficult to explain. The whole romantic episode of the surprise and capture of the French court, together with the various foreign princes and potentates connected with the story who were then its honored visitors, it is needless to say, is a fabrication entirely without foundation in historical fact.

From this discussion it will be seen that Mr. Herford[24] is far from wrong when he says, "The score or so of early plays which profess to be founded on German history, treat it with an open contempt much beyond what is demanded by the most exclusive pursuit of scenic effect. Historic truth is not subordinated to dramatic truth, but simply ignored. There is not the faintest sign that any dramatist studied a German chronicle." Speaking specifically of this play, he says, "*The Hector of Germany,* professedly dealing with a contemporary of the Black Prince, is an audacious revision of the history of the fourteenth century in the spirit of the seventeenth."[25] In a note Herford states that the action is divided between the Black Prince's adventure in aid of Pedro the Cruel and an intrigue for the empire. But the Black Prince is represented in the play as already dead, and this episode in his history is boldly transferred to the Palsgrave, who is made to perform on the same battlefield, however strange to history this may be, more wonderful feats than were ever attributed to the Black Prince.

[23] Holinshed, II. 442, and Stow (ed. 1631), p. 191.

[24] *Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century,* p. 171.

[25] *Ibid.,* p. 171

V.

In *The Hector of Germany* we have a play representing a type of ephemeral literature very similar to the popular journalism of the present time. Plays of like kind are *John van Olden Barnaveldt* and *The Game at Chess,* the former wholly on a foreign subject and hence presenting an undisguised piece of stage journalism; the latter, an indirect portraiture of contemporary events, including among its characters the English king and the dignitaries of his court, couched under the disguise of allegorical representation.

Fleay[26] says the interesting feature about *The Hector of Germany* is that it was played not by the regular actors, but by a company of young men of the city. These youths were not only intensely interested in the progress of the relations indicated by the popular marriage, but showed this interest by actually learning and presenting a play in honor of the foreign prince who had been but recently adopted into the English royal household. Smith's play formed no part of the royal entertainment provided for the Palatine and his followers, and it was probably not noticed in court circles. It was written professedly for and played by citizens. Nothing could be more natural than that the citizen class should desire to be entertained by a play which introduced the stately dances, masks, tournaments, ceremonials of the Order of the Garter, etc., which were being enacted in real life at the court, and at the same time presented the prototypes of the very characters in whom the whole community and nation was just then so deeply interested.

Under the circumstances, we need not expect to find any very high degree of literary merit of a permanent kind in the play. It was doubtless written very hurriedly and carelessly, as the numerous instances of illogical situations and sequences testify. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Journal,* under the date of August, 1826, set down the first word of criticism

[26] *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama,* II. 251.

on this play. He characterized it as "a sort of bouncing tragedy worthless in the extreme, yet like many of the plays of the beginning of the seventeenth century written to a good tune." He adds a discriminating bit of criticism worth remembering. "The dramatic poets of that time seemed to have possessed as joint stock a highly poetical and abstract tone of language, so that the worst of them often reminded you of the very best. The audience must have had a much stronger sense of poetry in those days than now, since language was received and applauded at the Fortune and Red Bull, which could not now be understood by any general audience in Great Britain."[27]

The judgment that *The Hector of Germany* is worthless is too severe. The play possesses as much merit as one might expect of such a production. It is interesting in its romance and patriotic in its appeal. Englishmen, great by the power of their successes, are everywhere the fear of their enemies and the toast of their friends. Spaniards and Frenchmen are scoffed and derided, while the Germans are lauded to the skies. The style of the verse is somewhat mechanical and stiff,[28] and the phraseology is never bold and imaginative, though at times it seems not wholly void of poetic feeling. Though not drawn with sufficient clearness of outlines to make them stand out in bold relief, the characters are nevertheless individualized and made alive to a degree at least equal to the average of plays of this class.

The nature of the material handled and the fashion

[27] *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott* (1890), I. 234.

[28] The percentage of rimed lines is small. About twenty scenes are capped off with rimes, in one instance a double set, and there are thirty-nine instances of rime to round off a longer speech, or forewarn an exit or entrance. There are only thirty-three instances of rime in mid-scene. A large proportion of these mid-scene rimes are recorded in the love-making scenes betweeen the French King and the heroine of the sub-plot. Thirty-four of the rimes of the play are found in these two scenes, or about 37 per cent. of the whole. There are 1861 lines of verse in the play, and only about 9.8 per cent. of these are rimed.

which required a romantic love story in every play of the time militates against anything like historic unity. The adjective "bouncing" is certainly appropriately applied. The scenes are laid in four kingdoms and on the sea. Time and space are practically annihilated, but the interest in the story and the characters is continually sustained. There is no lack of action or of spirited dialogue. Though absolutely worthless and inaccurate as a presentation of historic fact, the purpose of cementing the alliance between the German princes and the English nation was admirably subserved.

Disappointing in the extreme is the absolute unfamiliarity displayed by Smith with things German. Scarcely a German word, phrase, or custom is hinted at in the whole play. This is all the more disappointing when we consider the manifold relations, social, commercial, and literary, existing between England and Germany in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. When we turn to another play of the period very closely related to the present one in subject matter and treatment we find no such lack.

Alphonsus, Emperour of Germany, ascribed to George Chapman on the title page of the quarto printed by Moseley in 1645, was probably written some time before the year 1613. Winstanley attributed it to Peele. Fleay[29] accepts Peele as the author and dates it *circa* 1590, near the revenge and conqueror groups of plays, to both of which it belongs. Elze[30] puts it as late as 1621, but his arguments for this date are altogether unconvincing. Fleay's date is probably more nearly correct; at any rate, it seems certain that the play was written before the marriage of Frederick V to the Princess Elizabeth. The question of authorship is still an open one.[31] The play is so full of German customs and manners that it justifies Elze's conclusion

[29] *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*, II. 156.

[30] See his excellent edition of the play, Leipzig, 1867.

[31] Herford, *Lit. Rel. of Eng. and Ger. in the 16th Cent.*, p 172.

that a German, or one who had lived a long time in Germany, must have at least assisted in writing it.[32] Indeed, one character, Hedewick, the heroine of the love plot, speaks German throughout, and two "bowrs" (bauers) express themselves entirely in low German. The play deals with exactly the same sort of historic material as *The Hector of Germany*, though the period treated is the interregnum of the thirteenth century, the more exact date being 1257, when Richard Duke of Cornwall was called to be King of the Romans. The main theme is the imaginary struggle between Richard and Alphonsus of Castile for the imperial crown, and the same disregard for fact and historic accuracy is shown as in *The Hector of Germany*. The characters in the two plays are paralleled in almost very instance, and we may safely assume that *Alphonsus* was known in general outline to the author of our play, though he by no means followed it closely. In both plays the Palsgrave or Palatine of the Rhine is a loyal friend to the English, but in *Alphonsus* he is not made the central figure as he is in *The Hector of Germany*. The Spanish monarch, Alphonsus of Castile, is, in our play, Henry of Trastomare; the Duke of Cornwall is paralleled in the Duke of Savoy, both of whom represent the English candidate, and both of whom succeed in the end in obtaining possession of the imperial throne. Saxon at first is in favor of the English claimant, but later becomes an adherent of the party of Alphonsus; in *The Hector of Germany* he is throughout an ardent hater and enemy of the English. The Bishop of Cologne is of the English party, while the Bishops of Mainz and Triers are adherents of the Spanish claimants in both plays. The King of Bohemia and the Margrave of Brandenburg side with the Palsgrave for the English candidate in *The Hector of Germany*, but take the contrary side in *Alphonsus*. In both plays the Spaniard succeeds for a time in grasping the

[32] See Elze's Introduction to the play for a full account.

imperial rule, but in the end is deposed in favor of the English claimant. In *Alphonsus* the revenge motive is prominent in the development of the plot, while in *The Hector of Germany* the prime motive seems to be the apotheosis of the Prince Elector of the Rhenish Palatinate. The love story of Prince Edward and Hedewick is paralleled in that of young Fitzwaters and Floramel, though the situation and dénouement are entirely different.

It will be seen that the two pieces run closely parallel in the main characters, although they are wide apart in type and general character of style and structure. *Alphonsus* is a grim and horrible tragedy of blood and revenge, and on the whole, in spite of its many repulsive features, a much more powerful drama than the milder play now under consideration. The parallels seem too close to have been accidental, but it is perfectly evident that there is no imitation in language or in the minuter details of style or structure. We must conclude that if Smith knew the play, and it seems likely that he did, he had merely seen it performed and had but a vague outline of the more prominent characters in his mind when he came to write *The Hector of Germany*.

The under-plot of the father and son contending for the same girl, if not directly borrowed from Chapman's *The Gentleman Usher* (1606), is certainly considerably influenced by that play. The situation is exactly the same. Lasso, the father of Margaret, arranges a match between her and the Duke Alphonsus, the father of Vincentio, her lover. The young people meet, however, and are secretly made one by a peculiar and most interesting priestless ceremony. The usher, Bassiolo, who lays the plot for their clandestine meeting and escape, is exactly paralleled in the Steward who assists young Fitzwaters and Floramel to escape, though the former character is more humorously conceived and is far more prominent in the play to which he gives the title than is the Steward in *The Hector of Ger-*

many. The same hue and cry is set up for the capture of the runaways in both plays, but the reconciliation is somewhat differently worked out. In Chapman's play the main plot deals with this situation, but in Smith's play it is merely introduced in the under-plot, and this, of course, accounts for many of the differences of treatment.

In Marston's *Parisitaster, or the Fawne* (1606) we have the plot of a son wooing for the father and being made himself a victim of Dulcimel's charms. The father is desirous of seeing his son happily married and his efforts are all in this direction, so we have in this play an exactly opposite treatment of the same general situation. Likewise in one of Lope de Vega's plays we have a variation of the situation and purpose; *El castigo sin venganza* is the tragedy of a natural son who falls in love with and dishonors his father's beautiful young wife. The theme was later treated by Byron in a narrative poem called *Parisina.*

This theme is worked out on lines more nearly those of *The Hector of Germany* in Molière's *L'Avare* and in several of its English imitations, notably in Thomas Shadwell's *The Miser* (1671), and in Henry Fielding's play of the same title (1732). The plot is an old one. In the *Casino* of Plautus (itself founded upon the Greek play Clerumenæ (Κληρούμενοι of Diphius), an aged Athenian, Stalino, and his son, Euthynicus, fall in love with a foundling carefully brought up by the former's wife. In order to get possession of her each of them attempts to have her married to one of his slaves. The wife of Stalino naturally favors the son's designs, and she uses the same device to deceive her husband as that employed in *The Hector of Germany,* namely, a servant, disguised to represent the bride in the ceremony. There is no doubt that our author had this comedy of Plautus's or some imitation of it in his mind when he composed the similar situation in *The Hector of Germany.* It should be mentioned that the ruse of marrying a disguised page to an amorous old man is the basis of the plot in Jonson's *Epicœne* (1609).

Two characters of the under-plot, Lord Fitzwaters and young Fitzwaters, his son, suggest a comparison with the characters of the same name which appear in Chettle and Munday's play, *The Death of Robert Earle of Huntington* (1601). The father, a noble old lord, had already played an important part in Munday's *Downfall of Robert Earle of Huntington* (1601), first mentioned by Henslowe, February 15, 1599. The same characters figure also in Robert Davenport's reworking of the material in his *King John and Matilda*, printed in 1655, but written certainly before 1639, probably as early as 1624.[33] There is nothing comparable in the treatment in our play to the excellent portrayal of the noble old father of Matilda, the Maid Marian of the Robin Hood legend, as found in these plays. The name was, no doubt, a familiar one to the playwrights, and Smith may have appropriated it for his character without having any definite historical person or any particular portrayal in mind. A Lord Fitzwater appears, however, as a minor character in Shakespeare's *Richard II* (1594), and there are some points of similarity between this Fitzwater and the Fitzwaters in Smith's play, which suggests the possibility that the character may have been modeled on Shakespeare's. In a certain scene of *Richard II*,[34] Lord Fitzwater shows his hot temper and fearless bravery by throwing his glove before Aumerle, even though he is not directly implicated in the quarrel. Several daring and fiery speeches are assigned to Fitzwater in this scene. The only other appearance of the character is in V. 6, where he announces to Bolingbroke his arrival from Oxford with the heads of some of Bolingbroke's enemies. The ungoverned outbursts of temper on the part of the Lord Fitzwaters in *The Hector of Germany* against his son and against Lord Clinton may be compared with the wild bravadoes and challenges of Lord

[33] Bullen's ed. *Davenport's Works, in Old Plays, New Series*, III.

[34] Act IV, 1.

Fitzwater in the gage scene; and the announcement of success in the overthrow of Brandenburg and Bohemia and the rescue of Savoy is not unlike the announcement made by Lord Fitzwater in *Richard II.*

VI.

There is not extant a single piece of work, *The Hector of Germany* being excepted, which can with absolute certainty be assigned to Smith. There are, however, several extant plays with which it has been conjectured by various critics that he was in some way connected, and it shall now be our task to examine these plays and consider whatever evidence we have been able to collect which might throw light on these conjectures.

Two entries in Henslowe's account-book, dated September 20 and 30, 1602, connect Wentworth Smith and Thomas Heywood as joint authors of a play called by that astute-obtuse theatrical manager "Marshalle Oserecke." Each of the poets received an equal share of the usual price paid by Henslowe for a new or rewritten play, so we may surmise that the work of composition must likewise have been about equally divided. The one play of Heywood's which might be identified with this is *The Royall King and Loyall Subject,* first published in quarto in 1637, but written some time near the beginning of the century as the epilogue written at the time of the publication proves and as the style of the play itself undoubtedly shows.[1] Collier[2] suggests that Smith had a hand in this play, and Fleay[3] says he feels sure it is the same as *Marshal Osrick,* and even goes so far as to assign definite parts of the original play to Smith, though he admits Heywood's later revision of the whole play. An

[1] See Miss Tibbals's edition of the play, now in process of publication in this series.

[2] *Henslowe's Diary,* p. 240.

[3] *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama,* I. 300.

examination of *The Royall King* and the evidence in Henslowe seems to show that there is at least a strong probability that the conjecture, so far as the original play is concerned, is correct. In the first place, there are references in the *Diary* to an older play under the receipts for "Oserycke," February 3 and 7, 1597.[4] To increase his receipts at the least possible expense the old manager probably paid two of his men to rewrite or revise the play in 1602, and in order to make it go well a new title was chosen and the name of the marshal suppressed, though the bookkeeper, Henslowe himself or his scribe, kept the original name in the account books. In the second place, the late publication of the play by Heywood afforded an opportunity for him to revise the whole so that he might be enabled without deception to place his name on the title page as sole author.

We may call attention to a passage in the Prologue, undoubtedly written at the time of the first production of the play, which may possibly be construed to indicate a double authorship. The lines are,

> "No history
> We have left unrifled, our Pens have been dipt
> As well in opening each hid manuscript,
> As tracts more vulgar."

There seems to be a plural significance attached to the pronouns, especially when we consider the noun *pens,* but it may be questioned whether the application of the passage is to specific authors or to the whole group of dramatic writers of the time. I should be inclined to accept the first of these alternatives.

In comparing this play with *The Hector of Germany* I find fewer points of similarity than are noted in the comparison of *The Hector of Germany* with *The foure Prentises*

[4] *Henslowe's Diary*, p. 85.

of London, which is undoubtedly Heywood's.[5] There are, so far as I have been able to discover, no turns of phraseology or strikingly peculiar uses of words common to both plays. *The Royall King*, on the whole, is much the superior play, both in construction and in character drawing. There are evidences of a greater freedom of verse structure, a more general frequency of rimed lines in some parts and a style of more regular smoothness and elegance in *The Royall King*, though there is a painful lack of poetic feeling and imaginative treatment, it seems to me, in both plays. The general treatment of subject-matter, the slight connexion of the under-plot with the main story, the apparent contradictions in the portrayal of some of the characters, show points of slight similarity. The introduction into both plays of a Lord Clinton as a minor character may be noted as a mere coincidence. The evidences of a double authorship in *The Royall King* as it has come down to us are very slight. Fleay[6] argues that this play was revived and rewritten by Heywood about 1633, at the time of the production of Fletcher's *Loyall Subject*, and all parts originally written by Smith, namely, I, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; II, 2; V, 1, were rewritten in smoother verse and with notable absence of rime as compared with the other parts of the play, which were only revised with an occasional change made to bring the old rimed lines into closer accord with the later fashion of "strong lines." The definite assignment of parts of a play to one of several collaborators is at best a dubious matter, and in this case it seems altogether futile. We must conclude that none of Smith's writing is discernible in the play as we have it, though it seems to me quite possible that *Marshal Osrick* was in some form the original of *The Royall King and Loyall Subject*.

[5] See below, p. 47.

[6] *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*, I. 300.

In *Henslowe's Diary*[7] is the following item: "Layd owt for the Company, the 3 setmbr 1602 to bye iiij lances for the comody of Thomas Hewodes and Mr Smythes, some of viij s.," and immediately following this, on September 4, an item of twenty-seven shillings, eight pence for a silk flag, probably for the same play. The next entry records full payment for a book by Heywood and Smith called "Albert Galles."[8] Collier[9] suggests that this entry refers to *The foure Prentises of London,* the only extant edition of which was printed in 1615. The foundation on which the suggestion rests is merely the woodcut of the four brothers with their long lances or pikes and the many references to their tossing their weapons in the text of the play. Ward[10] thought Collier's conjecture was highly probable. Fleay,[11] however, seems to make out a clear case for an earlier edition[12] published some time about 1610, and then, counting the play back sixteen years, according to Heywood's own statement as to the time of composition in the dedication, dates it 1594 and identifies it with the second part of *Godfrey of Bulloigne,* mentioned by Henslowe July 19 of that year. There seems to be no doubt that this is correct, for it is certain that Heywood began his career in London about the date assigned to this play, and his statement that it was written "many years since in my infancy of judgment in this kinde of poetry, and my first practice," confirms the accuracy of Fleay's date. Moreover, the facts that Godfrey and his three brothers are the heroes of the play and that in the end he is decorated with the crown of

[7] P. 238.

[8] See also the discussion below in connection with the play of *Nobody and Somebody,* p. 48.

[9] *Henslowe's Diary,* p. 238.

[10] *History of English Dramatic Literature,* II. 559.

[11] *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama,* I. 282.

[12] Cf. *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (published 1613, acted 1610), IV. ii, "Read the play of *The Four Prentices,* where they toss their pikes so."

thorns "since Syon and Ierusalem are wonne," and that both this play and the *Godfrey of Bulloigne,*, which is entered in the Stationers' Register June 19, 1594, by S. R. for J. Danter, have the sub-title, "With the Conquest of Jerusalem," seem to settle the question beyond all reasonable doubt. Thus Collier's conjecture is completely vitiated, and we may conclude positively that Smith had nothing whatever to do with the writing of *The foure Prentises of London.*

A close examination of this play in connection with *The Hector of Germany,* however, seems to prove clearly that the extremely popular *Foure Prentises* exerted a potent influence on our author, both as regards style and manner of treatment. The handling of historic fact is practically identical in the two plays. The time of the action of *The foure Prentises* is about 1087. The scene opens at London, but is shifted to Ireland, France, Italy, in fact, all over Europe, and finally is rounded out in Asia at the old Jewish capital, Jerusalem. The four apprentices escape from their masters, join Robert of Normany on a voyage to the Holy Land, are shipwrecked and separated. They all reach land, but, strangely enough, as far apart as from Ireland to Italy. Each makes his way toward Jerusalem, and the adventures that befall the travelers make up the main part of the play. Tancred, an Italian Prince, is called County Palatine, and thus we have two coincidences in names, Robert of Normandy and this County Palatine, suggesting Robert the Palatine of the Rhine. The violent distortions of history involved are excused in the prologue, where one of the three speakers in answer to the question as to what authority he has for the history replies, "Our Authority is a Manuscript, a Booke writ in parchment, which not being publicke, nor generall in the World, we rather thought fit to exemplifie vnto the publicke censure, things concealed and obscur'd, such as are not common with euery one, than such Historicall Tales as euery one can tell by the fire in Winter." The author

of *The Hector of Germany* might well have claimed to have used "a manuscript, a book writ in parchment—not being public nor general in the world."

The verse of our play does not rise above the level of the riming lines of *The foure Prentises.* On the whole the average excellence of the style of Heywood's play is superior to that of *The Hector of Germany.* At times there seems to be a rather close imitation of the style and even of phraseology of Heywood's play in *The Hector of Germany.* The constant use of classical names and illustrations is common to both plays. Many verbal similarities might be noted, but it may be sufficient to quote two passages which seem to show evidences of possible unconscious imitation or direct borrowing.

> Neuer be from her, in her bosome dwell,
> To make her presence heauen, her absence hell.
>
> *The foure Prentises of London* (Heywood's Works, ed. 1874, II. 180).

> Thou shalt not leaue me, but for euer dwell
> Where I abide, thy absence is my hell.
>
> *The Hector of Germany,* ll. 1545-6.

> *Eustace.* I am here; stand thou forth on the aduerse part:
> Suruey me well, braue *Hector* I resemble,
> Whose very brow did make the Greekes to tremble.
> *Guy.* But I *Achilles,* proud ambitious boy,
> Will drag thy coarse about the Wals of Troy.
> Giue me thy Pike, Ile tosse it like a reed,
> And with this bul-rush make mine enemy bleed.
> (*They tosse their pikes.*)
>
> *The foure Prentises of London* (Heywood's Words, ed. 1874, II. 230).

And see how brauely euery Leader rides,
Plum'd from the Beauer to the Saddle bowe,
Whilst the bold Souldier makes his lofty pike
Stretch in the Ayre with tossing it aloft.
Brauely done fellow: that tricke once againe,
And there's gold for thy paines; hee fights like *Hector,*
Whilst at his feet th'amazed *Grecians* fall,
And though *Achilles* would renew the Field,
He dares not doo't, the enemies so strong.
The Hector of Germany, ll. 208-16.

Fleay's conjecture that *Albert Galles*[13] is Henslowe's mistake for some title like *'Archigalle's three sons'* and that this play is to be identified with *Nobody and Somebody, with the true Chronicle Historie of Elydure,* published anonymously and without date but registered in 1606 by S. R. for J. Trundle, leads us to a consideration of this play. Fleay unhesitatingly assigns it to Heywood on the single piece of evidence that the unusual spelling "ey" for "ay" or "I" is used; this he says is a peculiarity of Heywood's not shared by any other writer of the time. There are, however, other and weightier reasons for the connection of Heywood's name with this play. The title-page announces that the text is a "true copy as it hath been acted by the Queens Maiesties Seruants" and Heywood was about the time of the date of the registration of the play connected with this company. The fact that Heywood's name does not appear on the title-page and the absence of the address to the reader and the dedication usually prefixed by him when he personally supervised the publication of one of his works would indicate that this pirated edition was made from one of Heywood's own manuscript copies surreptitiously obtained from some member of the company. We must not, however, neglect to say that the satirical character of the play would be sufficient

[13]See p. 45, above.

reason for the suppression of these introductory matters and the author's name. There are evidences of revision made after March 19, 1604, the date when James assumed the title of King of Great Britain, for in several places the form used in the older edition, "King of England," has escaped the eye of the reviser. A very definite satirical allusion to the wholesale creation of knights in the first year of James's reign, when even "*Nobody* made dainty to be knighted,"[14] shows that the final revision was made at least as late as 1604. But Fleay[15] says the earlier play may have been written in 1602 by Heywood and Smith, and the references in Henslowe to *Alberte Galles* are to this version.

Nobody and Somebody shows very decided evidences of double authorship. The comic and satirical parts in which the prominent characters are the Clown and Nobody and Somebody are easily separable from the other scenes. Fleay[16] counts fourteen scenes and assignes scenes 3, 5, 6, 10, 12, 13, and a share in 1 and 14, to Smith. There are only twelve scenes in the play, however, and as Fleay does not account for seven and eight we may consider his error a misprint or an oversight. Besides the Prologue and Epilogue the lines thus assigned to Heywood are, 99-166; 734-853; 1105-1236; 1499-1573, 1770-1983; a total of 850 lines or about half of the play. From the entries in Henslowe, dated September 4, 1602, we learn that Smith and Heywood receive in one payment six pounds for *Alberte Galles,* and on September 3 and 4 are the items regarding the four lances and the silk flag.[17] Collier's conjecture that these four lances were for *The foure Prentises of London* is, as we have seen, altogether untenable. The four lances and the flag would not be out of place in *Nobody and Somebody,* for we have four brothers of an early English royal family

[14]Line 327 in Simpson's reprint in *The School of Shakspere,* I. 273.
[15]*Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama,* I. 294.
[16]Simpson's edition in *The School of Shakspere,* I. 273ff.
[17]See p. 48.

in the play, and they would need some kind of weapon or insignia to distinguish their rank. Moreover, there is a stage direction of *"Enter drum and coulors,"* which suggests the necessity of a flag; and the fighting[18] was very probably done with lances, though that weapon is nowhere mentioned in the play. We may conclude then that Fleay's conjecture is a very likely one, and we have in the extant play of *Nobody and Somebody* some of Wentworth Smith's work, though probably in a slightly revised form.

Under the circumstances, no absolutely conclusive deductions can be drawn from a comparison of the parts of the play assigned by Fleay to Smith with *The Hector of Germany,* but the results are, nevertheless, almost convincing. Striking similarities of style and diction and general methods of procedure meet the reader on every hand. A large number of parallel phrases and similar uses of words could be collected, but such a task seems useless. More definite ideas of the similarities of the styles of writing in the two plays can be had from two short passages than from long lists of verbal coincidences. I select passages of soliloquy for comparison.

> I was a King, but now I am a slave.
> How happie were I in this base estate
> If I had neuer tasted royaltie!
> But the remembrance that I was a king,
> Unseasons the content of povertie.
> I heare the hunters musicke; heere Ile lie
> To keepe me out of sight till they pass by.
> *Nobody and Somebody,* ll. 854-60.[19]

> Since I was cast Upon this fatall Rocke,
> And saw my Loue disseuered by the waues,

[18] See lines 1619 and 1694 of Simpson's edition.

[19] Simpson's edition in *The School of Shakspere,* I. 273ff.

> And my kinde Stewart in the Ocean drownd,
> Here haue I liu'd, fed onely with raw Fish
> Such as the Sea yeelds: and each Shippe I see
> (As dayly there are some furrow this way)
> I call vnto for ayde, but nere the neere.
>
> *The Hector of Germany,* ll. 1306-12.

The only other extant play in which Wentworth Smith may have had a hand is *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt,* which was first published in what seems to be an abridged form in 1607, with the names of "Thomas Dickers and Iohn Webster" on the title-page. In *Henslowe*[20] are three entries, dated October 15, 21, 27, 1602, on two plays called by him *Ladye Jane,* and *2 pt of Ladye Jane.* Five poets, Dekker, Heywood, Smith, Webster, and Chettle, were employed on this rush order. The extraordinarily large sum of eight pounds was paid for the first part, which was written, as it seems from the entries, in less than a week and put on the stage in less than two weeks, if we may assume, as was usually the case, that the second part was not demanded until after the successful appearance of the first. Whether Dekker ever wrote the second part for which he was paid five shillings "in earnest" is a matter of doubt. Henslowe does not mention it again and Dekker was immediately employed on another play, *Christmas Comes but Once a Year,* with Heywood, Chettel, and Webster.

The play as it survives is a short one, but it covers in a partial way the whole of the short period of the unfortunate Queen Jane's public life. Dyce says that it is impossible to tell whether the abridged form in which the play has come down to us was made by the authors whose names appear on the first and second quartos or by some other playwright. Rev. J. Mitford is rather severe in his criticism of this play.[21]

[20] Page 242.

[21] *Gentleman's Magazine,* June, 1893, p. 191.

There are so far as I can see no traces of similarity of style or treatment between any part of this play and *The Hector of Germany. The Famous History,* although an abridged piece of work as we have it, is nevertheless characterized by a unity of design and workmanship. The play is one of notable merit, and so far outclasses our play as to force the conclusion that if Wentworth Smith had any part in its composition every trace of it has been effaced in the version which has survived.

VII.

The final question to which we turn our attention is the possible connection of W. Smith with the three plays, which appeared at various dates during Shakespeare's activity in the London theatrical world, with the initials "W. S." on the title-pages. These plays are *Locrine, Lord Cromwell,* and *The Puritaine.* They were printed as Shakespeare's in the third folio, but they have been universally rejected by English and American critics, though some of the Germans contended for a time that they were genuine, and even went so far in certain instances as to say that they were examples of Shakespeare's best and maturest work.[1]

Of these plays *Locrine* is now generally accepted as the work of George Peele.[2]. Moreover, it is so early a play, having been registered 1594 and perhaps produced considerably earlier, that it could hardly be assigned to our author, who seems to have begun his career as a collaborator with the group of writers working for the Admiral's men in 1601.

The second play of the group, *The True Chronicle History of the Whole Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell,* was not published so far as is known until 1613, although it was entered in the Stationers' books as early as 1602. The initials on the title-page and the statement that

[1]Schlegel, *Dramturgische Vorlesungen,* ed. Leipzig, 1846, II, 308.

the play was "acted by the Kings Majesties Seruants" probably led to the conclusion that it was by Shakespeare and induced the publishers of the third folio to include it as a genuine work. It is unnecessary to enter here into the reasons for rejecting the play from the list of Shakespeare's works, nor does it seem worth while to give an analysis of the plot, since the play is so well known and has so many times been reprinted. Suffice it to say that it is of the biographical chronicle type and covers the life of Thomas Cromwell from his boyhood in his father's blacksmith shop to his death in the Tower of London. The scene shifts from the vicinity of London to Antwerp and to Florence and Bononia (Bologna) and back to England. Twice in the play the device of the chorus is used to sum up the less important events in the hero's life, and while this is not in itself an absolute indication of an early date of composition, there are other peculiarities of style and treatment as well as of matter which seem to point to some date before 1602 as the probable date of the first production. Professor Schelling[3] argues for 1592, the date assigned by Ulrici as the probable time of the writing and first appearance of this play. He suggests frequency of rime, the mannerism by which a character often speaks of himself in the third person, and the non-appearance of King Henry among the *dramatis personæ,* as indications of an early date. The arguments are not altogether conclusive since rime was used, especially by minor authors, quite late into the new century, as witness, for example, the present play; a mannerism such as the use of the third person in soliloquy might be repeated at any time; and finally the non-appearance of King Henry may be explained by the fact that the author's purpose was to portray the life and character of his hero,

[2]Cf Ward, II, 220; Fleay, II, 320; Schelling, *The English Chronicle Play,* p. 25; cf. also W. S. Gaud in a recent exhaustive argument in *Modern Philology,* January, 1904.

[3]*The English Chronicle Play,* p. 216.

and if the king had been introduced the interest would naturally have centered in him. Considerable skill is shown in making the king the dynamic force in parts of the action without intruding him in the play. Cardinal Wolsey is introduced once or twice, and the author seemed to think it necessary to crave the indulgence of the audience for the omission of the life of so important a man,

"Because our play depends on Cromwell's death."

There are strong reasons for allowing the date of registration to mark the date of composition. We learn from Henslowe that during 1601 and 1602 the Admiral's men were performing several plays on subjects connected with events and characters of Henry the VIII's time.[4] *Lord Cromwell* purports to have been acted by the King's servants, which would, of course, refer in 1602 to the Chamberlain's men, and it seems quite probable that this was one of the rival plays of the group running at this time. It may have been based on an older play, and for this reason may have retained some of the characteristics of earlier compositions. In the absence of any absolute proof to the contrary, we may be justified in considering the later date as the correct one, and on this conclusion we may advance to a consideration of Wentworth Smith's claims to its authorship. The only point of external evidence in support of such a claim is of the most doubtful kind, namely, the possible identity of the initials "W. S." with his name. On the other hand, a strong piece of external evidence against his authorship is the statement that the play was acted by the King's men. It seems very unlikely that Smith, a mere collaborator, or, as Fleay[5] says, 'novice,' regularly employed in Henslowe's service writing for the Admiral's men, should at the

[4]Cf. *1* and *2 Cardinal Wolsey*, and *1* and *2 Lady Jane*, *Henslowe's Diary*, pp. 198ff, and 242ff.

[5]*Life and Works of Shakespeare*, p. 292.

same time be making plays independently for the Chamberlain's men. But if the "W. S." was a deliberate forgery for the purpose of fathering the play on Shakespeare, the statement that the play was acted by the King's servants may likewise be a fabrication. This would bring us, however, no nearer the solution of the question of authorship.

The latest editor of *Lord Cromwell,* Mr. T. Evan Jacob,[6] in his introduction to the play says, "There is no reason to doubt that the author of our play was Wentworth Smith, a poet of considerable ability, who wrote other dramas, such as the *Puritan, or Widow of Watling Street,* and *The Hector of Germany,* besides *The Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell.*" Mr. Jacob gives no reasons for his unconditional assignment of the three plays to Wentworth Smith, but his edition was confessedly prepared for "the million," and this may account for the total absence of technical criticism. Fleay[7] is of the opinion that Drayton wrote the play, but Dr. Lemuel Whitaker thinks this extremely doubtful.[8] Hazlitt[9] thought it was an attempt to palm the play off as a sequel to Shakespeare's Henry VIII. He suggests no author. Farmer attributed the authorship to Heywood. Fleay, as stated above, ascribes the play to Drayton, but in another place,[10] in arguing that the play is not Wentworth Smith's, he adds, "If W. S. are authentic initials, W. Sly is the more likely claimant."

The comparison of this play with *The Hector of Germany* is barren of positive conclusions, but the results of the investigation are not devoid of interest. One cannot read the two plays without being struck with points of similarity of style, of diction, of characterization and of a general bal-

[6] *Old English Dramas,* London, 1889.

[7] I. 152 and 160.

[8] See his dissertation, *Michael Drayton as a Dramatist,* printed in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association,* 1903, p. 409.

[9] *The Doubtful Plays of Shakespeare,* p. 166.

[10] *Life and Works of Shakespeare,* p. 299.

lancing of defects and excellences, and yet there are, so far as I can make out, absolutely no tangible or convincing points upon which to base a positive conclusion of identity of authorship. Moreover, the divergences in style and structure are about as many and as prominent as the similarities. In applying the ordinary verse tests we find that rimes are somewhat more frequent in the older play, the percentage being about fourteen in *Lord Cromwell* and about eight in *The Hector of Germany;* the run-on lines are slightly more frequent in the latter play, the percentage being seven, as compared with four in *Lord Cromwell;* while as regard the feminine endings, the proportion is practically equal, the average being about seven in one hundred in both plays. The tone of the verse is not dissimilar. The monotonous regularity of the count of syllables, the frequent wrenching of logical stress to meet the requirements of verse stress, the large percentage of end-stopped lines, are points common to both. There is a much larger proportion of monosyllabic words in the older play, whole lines, indeed, even as many as three successive lines, being made up of such words, while in *The Hector of Germany* even one such line is of rare occurrence.

When we come to compare the general methods of treatment of subject matter we find again the impression borne in upon us that one author might have written both plays, but again the arguments are not convincing. The handling of historic fact is not widely different in the two plays, though there is an appearance of a much closer adherence to the chronicles and especially to Foxe's *Book of Martyrs,* the immediate source of *Lord Cromwell,* and perhaps necessarily so, as the subject is much nearer in time and a much more familiar one to the English public than that treated in *The Hector of Germany.* The author of this play does not hesitate to ascribe to Cromwell offices which he never held and to suppress all the unfavorable facts in his hero's life. To make a hero of this man who gained his position of

eminence only by a slavish readiness to pander to the despotic will of his master is perhaps as violent a wrenching of history as the distorted and inaccurate mixing of dates and the fictitious events described in *The Hector of Germany*. In spite of the centralization of the interest in the life of Cromwell, the loose manner in which irrelevant and unnecessary incidents are introduced seriously injures the unity of the play. The story of the merchant Banister and his wife, and of the envious and unprincipled Bagot and the merciful and generous-hearted Frescobald, while interesting enough in themselves, are not at all necessary to the plot, and might be removed from the play as easily as the love-plot forming the under-plot in *The Hector of Germany*. The precipitous and unnatural haste with which the concluding scenes are worked out in each play betrays a similar characteristic of authorship. The general feebleness of the characterization and the weakness displayed in the portrayal of the minor personages is about evenly balanced in both plays. The humor of the older play is much superior to that of the later one. Hodge, the smith, attendant on Cromwell in his travels, is a course, rough fellow, but never indecent. The character, even if drawn on broad and coarse lines, is not without a touch of genuine humor.

On the whole *Lord Cromwell* is somewhat the superior play, though not so greatly so as to preclude the possibility of one author's having written both plays. Taking all the evidence into consideration, we must, however, conclude that the author of *The Hector of Germany* did not write *Lord Cromwell*. The similarities of style and general manner may be sufficiently accounted for by the general influences and literary habits of the time, and the differences of manner and treatment and the external evidence seem to be of sufficient weight to justify the above conclusion.

The third play of this group, *The Puritaine, or the Widdow of Watling Streete, Acted by the Children of Paules,*

Written by W. S. (1607), is an amusing imitation of the Jonsonian comedy of manners, showing several marked features of resemblance to *Bartholomew Fair,* though Jonson's play is of a later date. *The Puritaine* satirizes severely the text-quoting, literal-minded, religious fanatic, and incidentally takes a laugh at the haste with which the weeping widow falls into the arms of the first boasting vagabond that presents himself. George Pyeboard, a combination of scholar, clown, and knave, is the dynamic element of the play, and it is generally believed, and it would seem, upon sufficient evidence, that the character is modeled on George Peele, who, as is well known, lived a profligate life and was often put to such shifts as Pyeboard is made to invent in the course of the play. The very name "Pyeboard" suggests an equivocation on *peel,* a baker's shovel or board for shoving pies and cakes into the oven. The amusing escape of Pyeboard from the officers of the law is based on an actual experience of Peele's.

Hazlitt[11] supposes this piece to have been written by William Smith, to whom he also ascribes *The Hector of Germany* and *Freeman's Honour.* Fleay[12] argues that the "Written by W. S." is an equivocation for 'concerning William Shakespeare.' This is one of Fleay's characteristically ingenious conjectures, and his argument that the purport of the play was to travesty Shakespeare's work likewise rests on little or no foundation. He produces some unconvincing parallels in support of this theory and then assigns the play to Middleton. "Any one," he says, "who has read Middleton will not hesitate for a moment. The whole style, plot, and metre is his. The play cannot possibly be attributed to Day, Webster, or Beaumont, the only other author then writing for these boys." It has been suggested that the *Puritan Maid, Modest Wife, and Wanton Widow,*

[11] *Doubtful Plays of Shakespeare,* p. 249.

[12] *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama,* II, 93.

by Thomas Middleton, one of the lost Warburton manuscripts, is identical with this play, but this seems very unlikely. Ward[13] quotes Dyce's opinion that the *Puritaine* was written by Wentworth Smith, "an industrious playwright fortunate in his initials."

The comedy is written in prose with what we must call an occasional descent into a lame sort of partly rimed and partly unrimed decasyllabics. There are about one hundred and fifty lines of verse in all. A comparison of any one hundred of these with a like number from either *Lord Cromwell* or *The Hector of Germany* shows plainly that some more facile writer than the author of either of these plays wrote this comedy. It cannot be said that there is any great poetry in the verses, but there certainly is more freedom and smoothness. A count of the run-on lines and of the feminine endings shows the large average of twenty and twenty-two per cent. respectively, while the riming lines are about twenty-five per cent. Aside from these mechanical verse-tests the comedy displays an originality of style, a clearness of conception, and a definiteness of character portrayal which cannot be claimed for the other two plays. *The Puritaine* has one serious fault, namely, an absolute lack of any moral basis for the series of cheats and deceptions of which it is made up. Had the author conceived Pyeboard as a reformer or a castigator of the abuses, injustice, and hypocracy of the times, and had he made this the underlying motive of the schemes and plottings of the main character, we should be inclined to class this as one of the great comedies of the age; but as it stands we must look upon it merely as an amusing and interesting piece of satirical play-writing.

As to the possibility of connecting our author's name with this play, we must say that if the W. S. who wrote this play was W. Smith, he changed his hand completely, and for the worse, when he came to write *The Hector of Germany*.

[13] *History of English Dramatic Literature*, II, 230.

We have seen then that none of the W. S. plays can be positively assigned to Smith, and Dyce's insinuation that he was "fortunate in his initials" seems altogether uncalled for. So far as we know Simth made no use of the the coincidence of his initials with those of the master poet to obtrude his works on the public as the possible productions of Shakespeare.

TEXT OF THE PLAY

THE HECTOR OF GERMANY.

OR

¶ The *Palſgraue*, Prime Elector.

A New Play, an Honourable Hiſtory.

As it hath beene publickly Acted at the Red-Bull, *and at the* Curtayne, *by a Company of Young-men of this Citie.*

¶ Made by W. SMITH: with new Additions.

Hiſtoria vita temporis.

Printed at London by *Thomas Creede*, for *Ioſias Harriſon*, and are to be ſolde in *Pater-Noſter-Row, at the Signe of the Golden Anker.* 1615.

[CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

King Edward of England.
King John of France.
Robert, the Palsgrave, Palatine of the Rhine.
King of Bohemia.
Duke of Savoy.
Marquis of Brandenburgh.
Bishop of Cologne (Cullen).
Bishop of Mainz (Mentz).
Bishop of Triers.
Duke of Saxony.
} Electors.

Prince Henry of Trastomare (the Bastard).
Peter the Hermit, King of Spain (Pedro the Cruel).
Lord Fitzwaters, suitor to Floramel.
Young Fitzwaters, his son, lover of Floramel.
Lord Clinton, friend to Lord Fitzwaters.
Poitiers, a French lord (Saxony in disguise).
Earl of Artoise, a Frenchman at Edward's Court.
Vandome } Spainish villains in the service of Prince Henry
Mendozze } of Trastomare.
An English Archbishop.
Steward to Lord Fitzwaters.
Page, attendant on Floramel.
A Frenchman.
An Englishman.
Queen of France, wife of King John.
Floramel, Lord Clinton's daughter.
Herald, servants, attendants, and others.]

shipfull,

TO THE RIGHT WOR-

the great Fauourer of the *Muses*,

Syr Iohn Swinnerton Knight,

sometimes Lord Mayor of this

honourable Cittie of *London*.

SYR, *Poesie is a diuine gifte, borne with many, without which donation no man can be a Poet, though he be* Princeps doctorum; *and haue all the Languages* (*ad unguem.*) Ouid *found this inclination in himselfe, and that was the reason hee saide,* Quicquid conabor dicere versus erit; *where Nature speakes so forceable in any, there is no suppressing it: For,* Naturam expellas furca licet vsq; recurrit, *your Wor: is so farre from offering such violence, that you are known to be a great cherisher of the Muses. And I hauing receiued some fauours from you, for priuate things, thought it might be acceptable, to giue you some Honor in Print; So that this Play, intuled* The Palsgraue, *beeing made for Citizens, who acted it well; I deemde it fitte to bee Patronizde by a Citizen. And not knowing any so worthy thereof as your selfe, I made choyce of your Wor: to be my* Mecœnas: *The kinde acceptance whereof, will make me proceede farther in your praise. And as I haue begun in a former Play, called the* Freemans Honour, *acted by the Now-seruants of the Kings Maiestie, to dignifie the worthy Companie of the* Marchantaylors, *whereof you are a principall Ornament, I shall ere long, make choyce of some subiect to equall it. In the meane time, I leaue the* Palsgraue *in your hand, as a pledge of my good meaning, & will rest*

Your Wor: most dutious,

W. Smith.

For 'intuled' read 'intituled.'
For 'Mecœnas' read 'Mæcenas.'

THE PROLOGUE

OUr Authour for himselfe, this bad me say,
Although the Palsgraue be the name of th' Play,
Tis not that Prince, which in this Kingdome late,
Marryed the Mayden-glory of our state:
What Pen dares be so bold in this strict age,
To bring him while he liues vpon the Stage?
And though he would, Authorities sterne brow
Such a presumtuous deede will not allow:
And he must not offend Authoritie,
Tis of a Palsgraue generous and high,
Of an vndaunted heart, an Hectors spirit,
For his great valour, worthy royall merite;
Whose fayre achieuements, and victorious glory,
Is the mayne subiect of our warlike Story.
Mars gouerns here, his influence rules the day,
And should by right be Prologue to the Play:
But that besides the subiect, Mercury
Sent me to excuse our insufficiencie.
If you should aske vs, being men of Trade,
Wherefore the Players facultie we inuade?
Our answere is, No ambition to compare
With any, in that qualitie held rare;
Nor with a thought for any grace you giue
To our weake action, by their course to liue:
But as in Camps, and Nurseries of Art,
Learning and valour haue assum'd a part,
In a Cathurnall Sceane their wits to try,
Such is our purpose in this History.
Emperours haue playd, and their Associates to,

27. Read 'Cothurnall.'

Souldiers and Schollers; tis to speake and do.
If Citizens come short of their high fame,
Let Citizens beare with vs for the name.
And Gentlemen, we hope what is well ment,
Will grace the weake deede for the good intent.
Our best we promise with a dauntlesse cheeke;
And so we gayne your loue, tis all we seeke. Exit.

PALSGRAUE.

[Act I. Scene 1. *The Palsgraue's castle.*]

A Bed thrust out, the Palsgraue lying sicke in it, the King of Bohemia, the Duke of Sauoy, the Marquesse Brandenburgh, entring with him. A Letter.

Palsgraue. Sicke at this instant now to be infirme,
When the *English* King hath his kinde Letter sent:
For mee to place this honourable prince,
The Duke of *Sauoy* in the *Empires* rule:
That Nation my great Grandfather did loue.
And since I came to vnderstand their valour,
I held them the Prime Souldiers of the world:
And thinke no Martiall Tutor fittes a prince,
But hee that is a true borne *Englishman.*
Ill comes this Letter, and your Grace at once,
A worser time then this you could not choose.
Though I am chiefe Elector of the seuen,
And a meere *Cæsar* now the Chayre is voyde:
Sicknesse hath weakened all my powers so much,
I shalbe slighted as a worthlesse thing.

Sauoy. Why should the *Palsgraue* so mistrust his Friends?

Palsgr: Sauoy, because I know them factious.
And though *Bohemia* loue me as his life,
And Vmpeare-like, should pacifie our iars,
What is his voyce when *Saxon* drawes his sword?
Mentz of a Cleargie-man is stout and prowde,
Trier his like, in nature and in vice.
And the bold *Bastard,* late expulst from *Spayne,*
Has a blood-thirsty hart, a vengefull spleene.

Misfortune cannot daunt him though he fled
Out of his owne Realme, and has lost his Crowne.
His impudencie yet aymes at *Cæsars* Throne,
Ide freely part with mine inheritance,
If it could purchase health to tame his pride,
But in you onely I repose my trust.
Reserue your voyces for this Noble Duke,
Who were I well should bee an Emperour:
Sicknesse will be obeyde, I must decline,
For my speech failes mee to vrge more discourse,
Pray for mee all, if that they chaunce to win,
And I recouer Ile helpe all by Warre.

The Bedde drawne in. Exit Palsgraue.

Bohem. The strength of *Germanie* is sicke in him,
And should hee die now in his prime of life,
Like *Troy* wee loose the *Hector* of our Age:
For hee alone, when he was strong and well,
Curb'd all their pride, and kept the worst in awe.

Marqu: We must expect warre: & prepare our selues
With expedition to resist their force:
For a more dangerous Foe for Treachery,
Then is the Bastastard, liues not in these parts.

Sauoy. I am sorie, that presuming on the health
Of the most valiant *Palsgraue* now falne sicke,
I came so ill prouided for the Warres.

Bohem. We are strong enough to meet them in the field.

Enter the Byshop of Cullen.

Cullen. Prepare for Warre, the Bastard is in armes,
With him the fiery *Saxon, Mentz,* and *Trier:*
And they'le besiege this Castle, to constraine
The *Palsgraue,* to elect him Emperour.

Marq: Shame to vs all, if we giue ayme to that.

45. Read 'Bastard.'

Sauoy. Begyrt this Castle, and disturbe the health
Of our deare friends, it is insufferable.
Bohem. Let vs conuey him lower downe the riuer,
Vnto a stronger Castle of his owne:
And with such Forces as we haue prepar'd,
Giue battell to the Bastard and his crue.
Sauoy. You haue a *Cæsar* of your owne Election,
To leade the Vangard, doe but follow mee,
Ile guide you where the greatest danger dwells:
And like an Emperour fright it from the field:
The Bastards but a Coward, and a *Spanyard,*
Coward and *Spanyard* oft-times goe together.
Their greatest valour does consist in Braues,
And once repulst, theyl run away like Slaues.

[Scene 2. *Before the castle.*]

Enter Prince Henry, the Bastard, the Duke of Saxon, The Bishop of Mentz, Drum, Cullors, & Soldiours.

Bastard. This land of *Germanie* yeelds valiant men,
Haughty in heart as they in stature are:
Ten thousand such had I bene Leader of
When the *Blacke-Prince,* lately my greatest Foe,
Opposde me at *Mazieres,* and wonne the day,
I had bene Lord of that most noble Fielde,
And where an Hermit now tells ore his Beades,
Had sat a Souldier and a Conquerour.
Saxon. That Hermit is too bookish to raigne long.
Bastard. When th'Imperiall Scepter fills my hand,
And I haue *Cæsars* wreath vpon my brow,
As had my Grandsire, and his royall Father,
Ile make *Iberia* wreake with my foes blood,
And force the Dotard to his Hermitage.
Mentz. Such thoughts becomes the *Germaine* Emperour,
Has courage to wage Warre with all the world.

Saxon: *Harry*, a word in priuate in your eare,
When you are Emperour, as in time you shall,
I must rule all, although you weare the Crowne:
The Edicts I propose you must enact,
And call them your owne Lawes, not being vext
At what I doe, although I mince your honour.
Bastard. How *Saxon?*
Saxon. *Harry,* Darst' thou wreath thy brow,
In any contumelious forme gainst mee?
T'is by my fauour that thou art aliue.
My greater greatnes has repaird thy fame,
And being but my creature, it is fitte
I should bee knowne to be the worthier man.
Bastard. Betweene our selues in priuate.
Sax: Publikely, and in the view of all, youle sweare.
Bastard. I must.
But being installed in the dignitie,
Ile alter what I sweare.
Saxon. Come, Come, your Oath,
Being an Elector, I am bard the onely Throane,
And therefore will rule by a Deputy.
Mentz. This is the Castle, shall wee sommon it?

Enter Trier, another Bishop.

Trier. *Emperour* elect, and princes of the State,
In vaine you labour to begyrt this hold
With hostile Armes, for *Sauoy* is yth field,
The Bishop of *Cullen,* and stoute *Brandenburgh,*
With the *Bohemian* King, are already prest,
To giue you battell ere you stirre your foote.
Bast. Are they so braue, so hote, & full of courage?
Sax. The *Palsgraue* has breath'd spirit into them all.

Thogh sicknes make him droop, weel meet them straight
Battells are gouernd by the will of Fate.

An Allarum.

Enter to them Sauoy, Bohem, Marquesse, and Cullen, They are beaten off by the Bastards side, & exeunt.
A Flourish, enter in triumph, Bastard, Saxon, Trier, Mentz, leading the king of Bohemia, Brandenburgh, and Sauoy, Prisoners.

Bast. So moues the Sunne in glory through the skie,
Hauing outpast the clowdes that shadow him.
Sax. Now *Spanish Henry,* thou hast prou'd thy selfe
Worthy the *Germane* scepter, by thy valour,
And hee that sayes not *Aue Cæsar,* dyes.
Bohem Swell not too high thou bubble, least thou breake.
Bastard. Ile breake thy heart first.
Sauoy. Ere my tongue pronounce
Aue to any that's my enemie;
Ile bare my brest to meete thy conquering sword,
And make it crimson with an *Emperours* blood.
Bast: There must be but one *Emperour,* thats our selfe,
Therefore to prison with the counterfeit,
Whence neither *County Pallatine,* nor *King,*
Shall with theyr Forces if they were conioynd,
Haue power to set thee free.
Saxon: For you my Lords, that the *Electors* like vnto my selfe,
Giue but your free consents that hee shall gouerne,
And that shall serue as ransome for you all.
Marq: Neuer while life lastes.
Bohem. Or I breath this ayre.

Mentz. Then let them share like fortune in his doom
As they haue done this happy day ith field.
Bastard. To prison with them all.
Saxon: Not till you are Crownde.
That sight shall serue in steed of a Tormentor,
And I reioyce to vexe mine enemie.
Bastard. Giue vs our rights.

The two Bishops, Ments & Trier, Crowne the Bastard.

Mentz. Rex Romanorum, & magnus Imperator Germaniæ.
Viue Cæsar.

Saxon: Viue Cæsar.
Bastard. Enough those *Viues,* take away my life,
In the delitious wrapture of my soule,
For theres no heauen me thinkes like royall thoughts,
The *Palsgraues* Castles raste vnto the ground,
And peace establisht, we meane once againe
To trye our Fortune for the Realme of *Spayne.*
Exeunt.

[Scene 3. *Another of the Palsgrave's castles.*]

Enter Peter the Hermit, King of Spaine in a disguise.

Peter. Since the decease of *Englands* royall Sonne,
That plac't me lately in *Spaynes* gouernment,
Those that did feare me for his valor sake,
Are by the traynes and falshood of my brother,
Reuolted from mee, and to saue my life
I was constrained to put on this disguise,
To goe to *England* for a newe supplie
Of men and Soldiours would but weary them.
I haue therefore bene in *France,* and failing there,
Am come to *Germanie,* to implore the ayde

Of the *Electors,* but by ill successe,
Bohemia, Brandenburgh, and *Sauoyes* tane:
The *Bastard* has bewitcht the other Peeres.
So that my Foe is now an Emperour,
And all the hope I haue to get mine owne
Lyes in the *Palsgraue* sicke I heare to death,
Heare I expect his answere to my Letter.

Enter the Palsgraue, led in by Cullen, and others.

Palsgr. Are you the Hermit that did bring this letter?
Peter. And personate him that sent it.
Palsgraue. What *Spaynes* King?
Oh that I were as I was wont to bee,
Before this dangerous sicknesse was my Foe,
No *Christian* King that came to mee for ayde
But hee should speed.
Peter. In time you may recouer.
Palsgr. Meane time be welcom, sit, & take your rest,
And now my Lord of *Cullen* Ime preparde,
To heare the woefull tydings you haue brought.
Comes noble *Sauoy,* and *Bohemias* King,
With the stoute *Marquesse Brandenburgh* in triumph?
And is proude *Saxon* taken, with the *Bastard,*
Trier and *Mentz* made subiect to your sword?
Oh if they bee speake it, and make me well.
Cullen. Alls lost, We are conquerd, *Sauoy* is surprizde,
And our best Friends in bondage to our Foes:
Heauen has forgot the Iustice of our cause.
And onely I escapt to tell the newes.
Palsg: This were enough to kill some men in health,
But in me the effect is contrary.

All lost, all conquerd, *Sauoy* made a Slaue:
My Friends in prison, and none escapt but you,
Hee that can heare such ill newes and be sicke,
Deserues nere to recouer, in my blood,
I feele an inflammation of reuenge:
Theres greater strength gathered into my nerues,
Than ere before, since that I grewe infirme:
They will not rest thus, and stay onely there,
But hauing conquerd them, assume the Crowne,
And make the *Bastard Emperour.*
Cullen. Hee is Crownd.
Palsg. More blood increases, & some more ill newes
Would make me cast my Night-cap on the ground,
And call my Groome to fetch mee a Warre-horse,
That I may ride before an Army royall,
And plucke the Crowne from off the *Bastards* head,
That is anothers right.
Cullen. Tis thought my Lord.
Your Castle which you left to saue your life
Is beaten to the ground, and your goods theirs:
And further, that they will pursue you hither,
As if you fled before their conquering swords.
Palsgr. Be sicke who will, mine Ague does retire.
And *Cullen* thou hast cur'd me with ill newes.
Come valiant Soldiours shew your selues like men,
And be assur'd weele winne the victory.
Harke how they shout as they applauded mee:
And see how brauely euery Leader rides,
Plum'd from the Beauer to the Saddle bowe.
Whilst the bold Souldier makes his lofty pike
Stretch in the Ayre with tossing it aloft.
Brauely done fellow: that tricke once againe,
And there's gold for thy paines, hee fights like *Hector,*
Whilst at his feete th'amazed *Grecians* fall,
And though *Achilles* would renew the Field,

Hee dares not doo't, the enemies so strong,
Me thinks I heare a peale of Ordinance play,
They are the *Bastards* Cannons, planted high,
To ouerthrow my Castle to the ground.
Now they shoote off, Death, all my foes are come.
Marshall my Troups, and let Drum answere Drum.
My selfe in person will be generall.
But I fainte, and am not what I would be.
My spirit is stronger then my feeble lyms,
Leade me once more with griefe vnto my bed,
Fewe know the sorrowes of a troubled head.

Manent Cullen & Peter. Exit Palsgraue led in.

Cullen. How faine would valour sicknes ouercom?
But his infirmity denyes such power.
And I am more grieued for his weake estate,
Then for our late great losse.
Peter. *Palsgraue* may helpe him.
And as I liu'de a fellow amongst Hermits,
I learnt some skill that has curde many a Prince.
See him safe guarded from his enemies.
And on my life I will recouer him.
Cullen. Wee are strong enough to wafte him to his Fleete,
And when the Enemy shall misse him here,
Theyle turne their conquering Force another way,
And goe for *Spayne*.
Peter. My Kingdome.
Cullen. To subdue it.
Peter. Let them proceed, but when hee has got his strength, theyle rue their boldnesse; Meane time trust to me. For next to Heauen Ile cure his maladie.

[Act II. Scene 1. *England. Lord Fitzwaters's house.*]

Enter olde Fitzwaters, and his Steward. Exeunt.

Old Fitz: Thou art his hand, the agent of his thoughts,
And onely enginor, by which he works
Some dangerous plot to blow his Honour vp:
Is't possible my Sonne should be from Court
So often, and the cause vnknowne to thee
That art his bosome-friend, his Counseller?
Stew. I know no cause except to take the ayre.
Old Fyth. My wrath shall finde another in thy brest.
Know that thou tread'st on thy last foote of earth,
From whence is no remooue, but to the graue:
Flye me thou canst not, and to make resistance,
Will draw vpon thee for one Lyons rage,
All the whole denne. *Offers to kill him.*
Stew. Hold, and Ile tell your Honour.
Know that his vsuall haunt is to the house
Of the Lord *Clynton,* whither he is gone
To see his Daughter, whom he does affect.
Old. Doats he on my betrothed, my Loue, my wife?
Had he the liues of many hopefull sonnes
Incorporate with his owne, my rage is such
I should destroy them all, ere lose my Loue.
But how does she affect him?
Stew. As her life:
Alleadging, that the Contract made to you,
Was by constraint to please her honour'd Father:
But he was precontracted, first made sure.
And this I heard her speake, with pearled teares;
Then Loue, no passion ought to be more free,
Nor any agreement like that sympathie.

Old Fyth. I haue put on *Dianiras* poysoned shirt
In the discourse, and euery word cleaues to me
As deadly in the apprehension,
As that which kill'd the Iew-borne *Hercules.*
But wherefore doe I combat with my selfe,
That haue a greater enemie to curbe?
Oh, but he is my sonne! What is a sonne?
The effect of a sweete minute, he shall dye,
Being my pleasure to effect my pleasure:
Attend me where he is, I may destroy him.

Exeunt.

[Scene 2. *Rear of Lord Clinton's house.*]

Enter a Page.

Page. I haue a sweete Office, to be a Gentleman Porter to a backe dore; but tis for a Lady, the best beauty in England: and if there be any Pandering in the businesse, though I am accessary i'the fee, because I liue by it, I haue no knowledge in the fault. Many a Courtier would be glad of my place, yet I hold it not by pattent, for terme of life, nor for yeeres: but as young Gentlemen get Venison vpon sufferance or by stealth. If the Lord *Clynton* should haue notice of this Key or euidence, by which the young Lord *Fythwaters* is conueyed to his Daughter against his will, though shee be his Wife by a precontract, I might bee conueyed to the Porters-lodge. But if all Court-secrets come to light, what will become of the Farthingales thinke you that couer them? No, since Ladies weare Whale-bones, many haue been swallowed, and so may this. Heere comes the Young Lord.

Enter Young Fythwaters.

272. Read 'Iove-borne.'

Y. Fyt. Alwaies at hand, thy carefulnesse is great: Where is thy Lady?

Pag. Walking in the Garden.

Y. Fyt. So early, then I see loues the best larke;
For the Corne builder has not warbled yet
His mornings Carroll to the rising Sunne.
There's for thy paines.

Page. I thanke your Lordship. And now like the Keeper of a prison, hauing my fee, tis fit I should turne the Key. You know the way to my Ladies chamber.

Y. Fyth. I doe. *Exit Young Fythwaters.*

Page. Sure liberallitie was a louer, or he would nere Be so bountifull: some thinke it a chargeable thing to keepe a Woman of any eminent fashion, and so tis; but to keepe them as I doe vnder locke and key, and suffer none to enter but such liberall Gentlemen, is the onely way to make a rich Keeper. I must walke still to watch his comming foorth.

Enter old Fythwaters and Steward.

O. Fyt. You haue beene with the Lord *Clynton?*

Stew. And he promist to meete you in the Garden couertly.

O. Fyth. Is this the place?

Stew. And this is the Ladyes *Page* that lets him in.

Page. Helpe, helpe. *Stop his mouth.*

O. Fyth. If you bellow here, you breath your last; by waies,
Backe dores, come sir along with me.
If that her father meete, as I desire,
Whats but a sparke, will prooue a mount of fire.
Locke the dore after vs.

Steward. My Lord I will. *Exeunt all.*

[Scene 3. *Garden of Lord Clinton's house.*]

Enter in the Garden, Floramell the Lord Clyntons Daughter, and Young Fythwaters. They sit on a banke.

Flo. The delian Lute is not more Musicall
Then thy sweere voyce, Oh my *Apollo* speake,
That with the wrapture of thy words, my soule
May be intranst, and wish no other ioyes:
That by the discord of two Broken harps,
(Old and vnfit for Louers harmony)
Our ioyes should suffer a distate of feare;
And in our most delights a qualme of griefe
Runne like a vayne of Lead through a Gold-mine.

Olde Fyth-waters and the Lord Clynton come behinde, and ouer-heare them.

Flo. We grow too iealous of our prosperous daies,
Making an euill, where no ill is meant:
Like hallowed ground, loue sanctifies this place,
And will not suffer danger to intrude.
Here we are ringd in earthly Paradise,
And may haue all the heauen to our selues:
Be then Mistrust an exile from my brest,
Where liues no iealousie, dwells present rest.

Clyn. But wee'l disturbe it, & your amorous ioyes.

Y. Fyt. Our Fathers present; Sweet, we are betraid.

O. Fyt. Betrayd to death: why doe you hold my Sword?

There's greater fury kindled in my brest,
Then can be quencht by any thing but blood:
I shall turne frantique if you brand the Sea

327. Read 'sweete.'
332. Qy. Read 'distaste.'
348. Qy. Read 'band.'

Of my displeasure in such narrow bounds,
And with a Deluge, equall to the first,
That ouer-spred the world, swell vp so high,
Till not a Mountaine ouer-looke the streame,
Nor heauen be seene for Riuers of the Land.
Y. Fyt. If I could feare the wauing of a Sword,
Mine enemies had frighted me ere now;
But I'me invaluable, like my minde,
Not to be wounded but with darts of loue;
And I as little estimate a Father
In these Pathaires, as he esteemes my griefe.
There's no preoritie in loues high Court
Graunted vnto the Father 'fore the Sonne;
But like the purest gouernment of all,
Euery mans minde is his owne Monarchy:
Where reason nere set foote to make a law,
Shall common sense keepe one, that were absurd.
O. Fyt. Wouldst fight with me?
Y. Ft. Not if you will forbeare me;
But in a warre defensiue I will stand
Against an Army of my Auncestors,
Did their enfranchiz'd soules break ope their tombes,
And reassum'd their bodyes as they liu'd,
In their full pride and youthfull iollity.
O. Fy. Let Rauens perch vpon these blossomd trees,
Night Owles their stations in this Garden keepe,
And euery ominous portence draw neere:
For here Ile offer vnto *Hecate,*
A hellish sacrifice in a sonnes blood.
Clyn. I feele an Earth-quake in my tremblug flesh,
And my well boding *Genius* bids me draw
A sword of vengeance on this hastie Lord,
Ere suffer him to be a Paricide.

356. Read 'invulnerable.'
374. Read 'portent.'
377. Read 'trembling.'

O. Fyth. Will the Lord *Clynton* buckler out my foe?

Clyn. No, but restraine you from a wilfull murther.

Flo. And like the best oblation for your wrath,
Loe, I the subiect of this variance fall
Prostrate on my knee, to suffer death,
Ere such a rude act, most vnfather-like,
Be put in practise on so good a sonne.

O. Fyth. Good to deceiue me.

Y. Fyth. The deceit is yours.

O. Fyth. Forsweare him, and I shall rest satisfied.

Flora. Neuer.

Y. Fyth. Nor I.

O. Fyth. Giue way.

Y. Fyth. I neede no buckler.

Clyn. I stand not here to offend, but to defend
Your liues and honour gainst so vile an act
Would blurre the Conquerors fame perpetually,
Making your swords the furies fire-brands,
Bath'd so vnnaturally in others blood.
Where neither Honour, nor Religion springs,
Tis better farre such combats be vnfought:
I know your pleas, her father has my graunt,
You her affection got against my will:
The place whereon you stand is our owne ground,
And here tis fit I abritrate the cause,
Mongst reasonable men peace is held good:
None loue dissention, but they thirst for blood.

O. Fyt. Counsel preuailes, I am glad he is not slaine.

Y. Fyt. I liue with joy, that I'me no Father-killer.

Clyn. Will you subscribe to what we shall enioyne?

Old Fyth. & Y. Fyt. We doe.

Clyn. In briefe tis this. You must forbeare my house,
And neuer more be seene within my gates.

Y. Fyt. This is extreame.
O. Fyt. I haue a heauier doome,
Which on my curse I charge thee to obserue:
Which is, That instantly thou leaue the Land,
And trouble me no more to get her loue.
Y. Fyt. How am I crost!
Flor. How is my heart tormented!
Y. Fyt. Yet I haue all the world to trafique in,
Except in England, and your Honoues house:
But as the dissolution of the soule
From such a body as desires to loue,
Is burthensome and grieuous to the man;
Such is my heart disseuered from my Loue.
Flo. And such is mine to lose thy company.
Y. Iyt. You are cruell to impose a curse vpon me,
That sentence is extreame, I feele it worke
More deadly on my grieued faculties,
Then to haue dyed vpon my fathers sword:
For now mine owne woes must destroy my selfe.
And thats a murther worse then paracide.
Exit Y. Fyt.
Flora. My knife shall end me.
Old Fyth. Hold thy desperate hand,
Would'st make our Nuptialls proue a Tragedy?
Flo. I would, and be inhum'd within the ground,
Rather then measure out a hated bed.
Clyn. Neuer regard the passions of a woman,
They are wily creatures, and haue learnt this wit,
Where they loue most, best to dissemble it.
O. Fyt. If that proue so, my heart wil be the lighter.

Manet Steward. *Exeunt.*

417. Read 'Honours.'
421. Read '*Y. Fyt.*'

Stew. I haue done an act will make me odious
To all succeeding times, betrayde my friend:
But here he comes, Ile stay and speake with him.

Enter young Fytzwaters.

Y. Fyt. Carelesse of foes, of father, or his curse,
Come I againe to challenge *Floramell,*
Which I suspect the *Steward* has betrayde.
Stew. Within my brest bathe a reuengefull sword,
Loe, I oppose it to your greatest wrath:
Yet if you saw the counsells of my heart,
There you may reade, twas not I but feare
That was the Authour of your loues betraying;
Your angry father threatned me with death,
And I had no euasion but to tell it:
But if your Lordship please to pardon me,
Ile lay a plot to helpe you to your Loue.
Y. Fyt. He that is once false, will be neuer true.
Stew. Then wherefore serues repentance?
Y. Fyt. Well, proceede.
Stew. Set downe the place where I shall finde your Honour,
And if I bring not thither *Floramell,*
At our next meeting take away my life.
Y. Fyt. Meete me at Yorke house.
Stew. Ile be there ere long.
I haue done amisse, and will amend the wrong.
Exeunt.

[Scene 4. *In front of Lord Clinton's house.*]

Enter old Fythwaters, Clynton, and a Bishoppe.

Clyn. The Bride not vp, and the Archbishop come,
Some call her downe.
O. Fyt. Welcome my reuerend Lord.
Doe not you Bishops vse sometimes to dreame?

Bish. We haue the same incitements of the blood
That others haue, and in our phantasies
We see strange shapes, and diuers things to follow.
Clyn. What was your dreame to night?
Bish. As I remember,
Himen was turn'd into a *Mercury,*
And hee's the Patron of all slye deceits.
But whats my dreame to your affayres my Lord?
O. Fyt. That such another dreame I had last night:
And if I should be cheated of my Bride,
Twere a strange premonition.
Clyn. Feare it not, see where shee comes.

Enter the Page, drest in one of Floramells Gownes, wearing a Maske. Floramell and the Steaward aboue.

O. Fyth. March forwards to the Church.
Exeunt Lords and Page.

Ste. So, whilst he takes your place, we are for Yorkhouse.
Flora. I come *Fythwaters* flying.
Stew. Let's away.

[Scene 5. *Street before York house.*]

Enter young Fythwaters.

Y. Fy. The stay of my faire Mistris makes me wilde,
Sure I shall neuer more behold her face;
The *Stewards* false, and *Floramell* may change.
Ile therefore giue a period to my griefe,
And in dispayre finish what life denyes:
Yet ere I dye, let all the World this know,
A Womans loue procur'd my ouerthrow.

Enter the Steward and Floramell.

Y. Fith. My *Floramell,* to Sea. *Exeunt.*

[Scene 6. *Street in front of a church.*]

Enter from Church, old Fythwaters, Clynton, Bishop, and the Page discouered.

O. Fyth. Oh my distracted soule, this is extreame,
Gull'd with a Boy, drest in your Daughters gowne:
This is a crosse that patience cannot beare.
Clynton. Who was the cause of this, speake;
Wheres my Daughter?
Page. Fledde to your Sonne.
The Steward layd the plot; What I haue done
Was for my Ladies sake.
Old Fitzw: That Steward is a Villaine.
Clinton. Lets goe seeke him.
Take seuerall streetes, but let your meeting be
At the Water-side, least they should flee to Sea.
Old Fi. To the water side; Lord *Bishop* keep the boy.

Exeunt Old Fitzwater and Clynton.

Bishop. I will.
My Dreame is falne out right, *Hymen* is chang'd
Into a slye deceyuing *Mercurie:*
But tis most requisite, they that doe wrong
Should feele the penaltie by suffering it.
I witnesse can the Young Lordes precontract,
Bad Fathers that infringe a holy act. *Exeunt.*

[Scene 7. *Another street.*]

Enter King Edward disguised like a priuate man, a Lord with him.

King. This day I thinke I promised the Lord *Clinton*
To be his Guest.

Lord. It was my Liege this Day.
King. I haue dismist my Traine to steale vpon him,
But whats the reason all things are so quiet?
A Lordes house at so great a Cerimonie
As is a Marriage, should be like a Court:
Multitudes thronging vp and downe like waues,
And the Gate kept with an Officious porter,
To giue kinde entertainment to all Commers;
Heres no such a matter.
Lord. Here *Olde Fitzwater:* comes.

Enter Olde Fitzwaters.

O. Fyt. Some Pegasus has borne her from my sight
For nere a horse I keepe can ouertake them:
By all coniectures they are gone to Sea,
And Shipt by this.
King. His Bride.
Lord. Belike tis so.
O. Fyt. Some whirle-winde follow them;
And making the Ocean rougher then my brow,
Yee dauncing *Porpusses* caper aloft,
And mud the white foame with your ietty backs;
A perfect signe a tempest is at hand.
Rise from the bottome of the deepe ye *Whales,*
And ouerturne the Shippe that carryes them:
But let a *Dolphin* saue my *Floramell,*
And backe vnto the hauen guide her safe.
As for the boy, make him your watry pray,
Eate him aliue, that he may heare his bones
Crash in the iawes of the *Leuiathan:*
But saue his head for me to know him by,
Authour of all my griefe and misery.
King. Ile interrupt his passion.

Lord. Stay my Liege.
You shall heare more, here comes the other Father.

Enter Clynton.

Clyn. How now my Lord, haue you surprizd your Bride?
Old. I thinke thy trechery conueyed her hence,
And by thy meanes another was attyr'd
In her habilaments to vexe me thus.
Clyn. You highly wrong me.
Old. I would right you better,
Were I assur'd of your close tretchery.
Clyn. Threaten me?
Old. With no more then Ile performe.
Clyn. Not in cold blood.
Old. No, but in blood like fire.
Clinton. In choller, passion and a crazed braine,
But when you haue slept vpon your menaces,
You will not then make good a noble challenge,
And enter single combate like a Lord.
Old Fitz. There lie my gage I dare thee to the field,
And will auer without the aduice of sleepe,
That thou wert priuy to the Stewards blot.
Clint. Ile take your gage, and meet you when you dare.
King. But we'le not suffer it, that loue the liues
Of euery subiect, much more of our Peeres:
And as for you *Fitz-waters,* that are growne
Hotter then I expected from your age,
Except you can produce good witnesses,
That *Clinton* has decieu'd you of your Bride,
Ile stay the combate or imprison you.
Fitz. I cannot prooue it, but I thinke tis so.

543. Read 'plot.'

King. Correct such thoughts, and giue him back his gage.
Fitz. Withall my heart. (*giues bake the gage.*
King. *Clinton* I am satisfied.

Enter a Messenger with a Letter whith he offers to the King.

King How now, what newes bring you?
Messenger Letters my Liege from the *Count Palatine*
King. Our noble friend *Bauaria's* valiant Duke.
Messenger From him my Liege.
King. Weele read them instantly.

The Contents of the Letter.

Alls lost, our elected friend *Sauoy* taken prisoner, with him *Bohemia,* and *Brandenburgh;* sickenesse would not suffer mee to weare Armour, but by the helpe of the Royall Hermit, *Peter* the King of *Spayne* your friend and Beadesman I am recouered. The *Bastard* is made Emperour, and has shipt himselfe for *Spaine,* whither I purpose to saile to hinder His intendements, If I suruiue the Battell, and be conquerour. Ile vnfitte you in *England,* except the Sea be my Sepulcher.

Your Friend in Armes,
ROBERT the Palsgraue.

Ill newes, not suddenly to be amended,
The *Palsgraues* sicknesse was the greatest losse.
The *Bastard* Crownd, vncrowne him if thou canst,
Thou that are matchlesse for thy Chiualrie.
Send but his head from *Spayne,* to tread vpon,
And I should count it an vnvalued gift.

554. Read 'which.'
567. Read 'visitte.'

As for good *Sauoy*, and his *Germaine* Friends,
Ere long Ile set them free, or make the soyle
That holds them prisoners a Marsh-ground for blood,
Till I heare newes from *Spayne* of good successe.
Each day I liue will be a yeare of griefe.
Clynton. Pleaseth my Liege to lay aside your sorrow,
And with your Royall person grace my house,
Clynton will holde it an exceeding fauour.
Old Fitzw: So will *Fitzwaters* gratious soueraigne.
And though this day looke blacke with my disgrace,
Your Royall presence whites an *Æthyops* face.
King. I accept your kindnesse, & wilbe your Guest.
Exeunt.

[Act III. Scene 1. *Battle-field, Mazieres, Spain.*]

Enter the Palsgraue, Cullen: and Peter the King of Spayne, Drum, Cullors, and Soldiors.

Palsg. Next vnto heauen to you, we giue the praise,
Most zealous King for our recouery,
And now my Lord of *Cullen* shew your selfe,
As good a Souldier as a Cleargie man.
In stead of Beades now vse a Martiall sword.
For here in *Spayne* where the Blacke *Prince* incampte,
And made the *Bastard* flie, our Tents are pitcht,
And the prowde Foe comes with a Spleene inrag'de,
To driue vs from *Mazieres: Harry* shall know,
As hee has Kingly blood within his veynes,
And is a *Cæsar,* hee shall meete with *Cæsars.*
Cullen. I heare their Drummes.
Peter. And I reioyce to heare them.

Enter to them the Bastard, Saxon, Mentz, and Trier.

Bastard. The *Palsgraue* heere, now wee shall haue
Your voyce to our Election, or for that your life.

Saxon. You were sicke in *Germanie.*
Palsgraue. But now recouered.
And hither come to beate you out of *Spaine.*
Trier. He beares himself, as he were sure to conquer.
Mentz. And looks more like a *Ioue* then like a man.
Palsgraue. I hold my thunder here, & my right arme
Has vigor in it, when you feele my blowes
To giue you cause to call them Thunderboltes.
If there be any in this Martiall Troope
That with a Soldiours face, has a bold heart,
And dares auerre that this religious prince
Is not the lawfull and true King of *Spaine,*
I will make good his Title by the sword,
And against that prowde combattant oppose
My selfe as challenger to fight for him.
Bastard. I dare take vp your gage, and answere you.
But that I should impaire this dayes renowne,
By giuing desperate men such meanes to dye,
Who for you know your Armie weake, and fewe
Would hazard that vpon a single fight.
Which in the Battell you are sure to loose,
No Foxlike pollicie shall blind my sight,
But that Ile see the ruine of you all.
This day ith Field, thine *Palsgraue* and the rest,
He combats well rips vp an Armyes brest.
Saxon. Ile answer his prowd challenge.
Bast. We forbid it, that are your *Emperor,* both in stile & power.
Saxon. In stile, but not in power, that stregth is mine,
Except youle be forsworne.
Bastard. This for an Oath,
Th'art but the step by which I did ascend,
And being vp, rest there till I descend.

Saxon. Youle answere this anon.
Bastard. Here, or else-where.
Didst euer know a *Cæsar* that could feare.
Saxon. Ile stabbe the *Bastard.*
Trier. Worthy Duke desist. (*Stayes him.*
Palsg: No Combat then will be accepted of.
Bastard. In general, with our powers in the ope field,
But not betwixt the Generalls priuately.
Palsgr: Then you are Cowardes all.
Ile so proclaime you in my thundring Drums,
And by the gloryes that I hope to win,
Proue it this day to thy perpetuall shame:
But to a hartlesse foe words are but vaine.
Alarum Drum, that showres of blood may raigne.
Exeunt omnes.

Alarum, The Bastards side beaten off.

Enter in an excrision Bastard, Saxon, Mentz, and Trier.

Bastard. It shall be treason to my Fame to day,
If I encounter any Foe ith field,
Till I haue combatted this drunken *Saxon.*
Saxon. How Bastard, how?
Bast. Bastard!
Saxon. What else?
Thou wert twice misbegotten, once in Nature,
And secondly, in being any prides defalt,
By which thou art a Bastard Emperour.
Bastard. Stand from about me, or Ile strike you dead
Mentz. Remember where you are amongst your foes
Who by your discord may destroy vs all.
And this aduantage of your variance

644. Read 'excursion.'

Giues them the victorie with easinesse.
If not for your owne Honours and your liues,
Forbeare for ours.
Trier. They shall not combat here:
Ile make my Rotchet crimson like your Colours,
Ere I stand by and suffer such a wrong.
Sax. How these braue Churchmen talke.
Bast. Are you in your Pulpits? *Strikes the Bishops on their Targets, and fights with Saxon.*

Enter Palsgraue, Peter and Cullen, with Souldiers.

Trier. Here's those will strike you.
Bast. What the *Palsgraue* come!
Sax. Emperour be wise, & ioyne thy force to mine,
Till we haue driuen away the enemy,
And then returne to our old variance.
Ba. I am *Saxons* till the *Palsgraue* dye or fly.
Pa. You should haue fought stil, twould haue bin my glory,
To haue giuen ayme, & then the conqueror conquerd:
But what your variance leaues vnfinish here,
Ile end with the destruction of you both.
Bast. We feare you not.
Pals. Vpon them valiant friends.

Charge vpon them, and the Bastard taken Prisoner on the Stage, Saxon and the Bishops beaten off.

Saxon is fled, *Cæsar* my captiue is,
I must not lose him; guard the Emperour sure,
Whilst I pursue the Duke.
Peter. We will.
Bast. Am I your prisoner?
Peter. Not so good, my slaue.
Cullen. To trample on, or vse as he likes best.

669. Read 'vnfinisht.'

Bast. We are Brothers.
Peter. Now: but in your high estate,
No greater enemy then you had I.
Cul. Best that we guide him to the *Palsgraues* Tent.

Enter Saxon with two swords, and meetes them.

Saxon. Although he be Ambitious, and my Foe,
Honour commaunds mee that I reskew him.
That I may haue the honour of his death,
When we trye Maisteries in a single fight.
Peter. Tis *Saxon,* Guarde him sure.
Cullen. To our best power.
Saxon. No further, if you meane to saue your liues.
The *Palsgraues* slaine, his blood wreakes on my sword,
And I aduise you for your owne discharge,
To giue this valiant *Emperour* libertie.
Peter. Not whilst wee liue.
Saxon. Helpe to release your selfe.

Saxon giues him a sworde.

Bastard. Most willingly.

They beate of Cullen the King of Spayne,

Thanks for your paines, but yet we will be Foes.
Saxon. To horse, to horse and talke of that elswhere. *Exeunt.*

Enter againe Cullen and Peter.

Peter. This was the most ill chance that euer hapned.
Cullen. He saide he had slaine the *Palsgraue.*
Peter. Twas his cunning to astonish vs with feare,
but if he liue, how shall we answer him for this mischance.

Cullen. See where he comes, I would the storm were past.

Enter Palsgraue.

Palsgraue. I lost him in the preasse, his snowy steed
Was crimsond ouer with the blood of men,
And Lyon-like he fought with all his strength,
But since the *Emperour* is my prisoner,
I shall the lesse regard the Dukes escape.
Peter. Oh Noble Syr, we haue deceiued your trust,
And lost the Iewell you bad vs keepe.
Cæsar by *Saxon* is redeemd and fledde,
And wee remaine in griefe for his escape.
Palsgraue. When Fortune is disposd' to crosse a man.
Valour and foresight are of no effect:
Releast by *Saxon,* and his Keepers liue;
You are not as I thought you, valiant men:
But worse then these that runne away for feare.
He should haue made passage through my heart,
Ere scapt from me by *Soxon* or his plots:
But now it is too late to follow him;
And the whole Field is made a liquid Sea,
Sinke may they both into the crimson fenne.
But why should they sinke, you deserue it best:
From hencefoorth Ile nere take a Spaniards part,
Except he had a far more valiant heart.
Peter. Let my blood speake for me, faire words displease.
Palsg. Well, since I thinke twas weaknes and not will,
By which they are escapt, I calme my spleene,
And rest content that we haue woon the field.
After you are establisht in your Throne,

713. Read '*Saxon.*'

Ile sayle to England to regreete the King:
And then to Germany, where if we meete,
Bauaria's, ayre shall be his winding-sheete.
Retreat, retreat, and thanke heauen for the day.

[Scene 2. *Another part of the field.*]

Enter Bastard, Saxon, Mentz, and Trier.

Saxon. At your requests my Lords, I am contented
To receiue this *Emperour* into grace and fauour.
Bast. He flouts me, would you haue me suffer this?
At their requests they haue requested me
To allay my spleene, and take thee into fauour.
Mentz. Theyle nere be friends.
Trier. Lets leaue them both to fight.
Bastard. Away.
Saxon. Weele force you else.
Mentz. We are going. *Exeunt Bishops.*
Bast. So, now I will imagine that this ground
Is all the Empire that my greatnesse swayes:
And that the heads of many rebell Subiects
Are plaste on thee; that striking off thy head,
I cut off halfe a Nation at a blow.
Say. And I the Emperours of a Nation.

Fight, and Saxon is downe.

Why dost not kill me, since tis in thy power?
Bast. Thou sau'dst my life, for that Ile set the free.
Sax. Cæsar, thou art a Noble enemie;
Hencefoorth I vow to relinquish euery ill
That may displease thee, and obey thy will.
Bast. Such be my conquests ouer those I loue.

As they embrace, Enter Trier and Cullen.

Mentz. So, they are friends, they haue fought away their anger.

Sax. Has conquer'd me with courtesie and valour.

Men. Then now to counsel how we shall proceede
In this most dangerous warre against the *Palsgraue,*
Who as I heare by firme intelligence.
Meanes with his Fleete to touch the English Shore,
And draw the valiant *Edward* to his part.

Bast. If such a day come, twill be blacke to vs:
For of all Nations in the world, I hate
To deale with Englishmen, they conquer so.

Saxon. Follow his example, and lets get a King
To take our part, as well as they haue done:
France has beene wasted by their crueltie,
And cannot but in spleene desire reuenge,
Were he sollicited to be our friend,
We should with the more ease be conquerers.

Mentz. Send thither.

Trier. Or sayle thither.

Bast. Thats the best:
But shall we onely build our hopes on strength;
I thinke twere good to peece the Lyons skinne
Where it too short falls, with the Foxes skinne,
A couple of Protean villaines I haue ready,
For any dangerous attempt in peace,
And they can poyson, stab, and lye in wayte
Like Serpents, to intrappe and cease their prey,
Mendoza and *Uandome,* those are the men:
Let them be call'd in.

Mentz. They are heare, great *Cæsar.*

Enter Uandome and Mendoza.

Van. Most mightie Emperour, whats your Highnes will?

Bast. That vnto England presently you sayle,
And there consort you with the Earle of *Artoyes,*
A Frenchman borne, but one that loues vs well;

Let him and you send vs intelligence
Of the proceedings of the English King,
With the haughty *Palsgraue*, giue the Earle this Letter,
By which yee may winne credit in his trust:
And er't be long I will deuise a plot,
Which you shall mannage, for the generall good.
Be carefull, as you doe respect our loue,
And hope for gold in showres; meane time take this.
Mend. Your will shall be obey'd.
Vand. It shall be done.
Sax. Great *Ioue* can say no more:
That State thriues best that has such Slaues in store.
Bast. See our Fleet ready: and yee swelling gales,
That blow the good houres, fill our empty sayles.
Exeunt.

[Scene 3. *Boulogne, France.*]

Enter the King, the Queene, and Poytiers.

F. King. My Lord of *Poytiers*, as you are inform'd,
Where meanes the Emperour and his trayne to land?
Poyt. Here at this towne of Bulleigne, & the newes
Is certaine that his Mightinesse is neere.
Qu. How angry has the heauens bin with the sea,
That it hath boyld so much, and cast the sands
Into such mountaines that they ouer-looke
The bounds that held them in.
F. King. Well may our friends
Escape the danger of this heauy storme:
Small gusts at Land, sinke a whole Fleete at Sea;
And whilst our Cities keepe vs from their rage,
The Rocks beate them, as Tennis-Courts doe balles.
Ide haue an Atheist trauell through the deepe,
And he shall see such wonders, that his soule

Would make him soone beleeue there is a God.
But what fayre Gentlewoman haue we here,
Which is a Ship-wrackt creature, comes a shore?

Enter Floramell.

Flo. All wet and weary with a boysterous storme,
At last I haue set my foote vpon the Land;
I tremble as a Feauer shooke my ioynts,
But tis the Ocean that has frozen me:
Drop there thou moysture of a swelling Flood.
And let me see, no Fisher-man at hand,
To tell me in what Coast I am arriu'd:
Alas I see none, I shall dye with cold.
Q. Poytiers speake to her, giue the woman comfort.
Poyt. How is it with pretty Gentlewoman?
Flor. Sir, I am very cold, and wet, and ill,
Would you could helpe me to a little fire
To drye my selfe, and I would pray for you.
Poyt. Tis now no time to reason of your state:
Here take my Cloake. *A taffata Cloake.*
Flora. Alasse Sir, tis but thinne,
And makes me shake the more to thinke vpon't:
I would be shifted into warmer Roabes,
If I could meete with some kinde Gentlewoman.
Qu. Make vse of me, you shall not want for helpe.
Flo. You seeme to be of a Maiestique state,
What should a poore distressed Gentlewoman,
Trouble a person of such eminence?
F. King. Thy state wants present pitty, women take it.
Flo. I haue seene a King ere now,
And by your Diadem you should be one:
Pray, rather let me dye then trouble you.
Qu. Tis perfect charitie to helpe the poore:
Yet by these Iewels, you should beare a place,
If not amongst the Royall, with the Noble.

Flo. Indeede I am but a poore Gentlewoman,
Punisht for wearing Iewels in a storme:
But I haue lost a husband whom I lou'd,
For marying whom, I haue endur'd this crosse;
And now his friends, if they should finde me out,
Would finish what the storme has left vndone.
Queene. His name?
Flo. Twas *Infortunio,* as mine is,
With the alteration of a letter onely.
Quee. Good *Infortuna* goe along with me,
Ile finde some helpe for this thy misery.
Flo. May the Sea neuer vse you of this fashion;
I take your courtesie, and will attend.

Exeunt Queene and Floramell.

F. K. Young, fayre, an louely, is she not *Poytiers?*
Poyt. She is comely, and a sweet Genlewoman.
F. King. In my opinion shee's the fayrest creature
Nature ere made.
Poyt. In loue my gracious Liege?
F. K. What and my Queen aliue, that would seeme strange.
Poyt. Loue does regard no person, nor the time.
F. King. Loue is a power will ouer-rule a King.
Poyt. Finding her honest, though of meane estate,
You may doe well to rayse poore vertue vp,
And marry her to some great Nobleman.
F. K. Ile thinke of that hereafter: now, the newes?

Enter Queene.

Qu. The Emperour and the Electors are arriu'd.

Enter Bastard, Saxon, Mentz, and Trier.

843. Read '*Infortuno.*'
850. Read 'Gentlewoman.'

Bast. Health to the Maiestie and Seate of *France.*
F. King. As welcome hither is your Mightinesse,
As if you were arriu'd in *Germany.*
Bast. I thanke King *Iohn.*
F. King. *Saxon,* with *Mentz,* and *Trier.*
Saxon. We rest your louing friend for Warre.
Trier. For Counsell.
F. King. And Counsell is as great a friend as War.
Mentz. It hath preuaild as much.
Queene. Thrice welcome all.
Bast. The storme has kept vs ouerlong at Sea:
But Mighty King of France, worse stormes then these
Haue and will shake vs, if you helpe vs not:
All things goe Backwards, that should bode vs good;
And he that is Conqueror already,
The haughty *Palsgraue,* is to England sayld,
To ioyne with *Edward* in our ouerthrow.
F. Ki. We haue felt the valour of the English King,
And of his sonne, the *Blacke Prince* now deceased:
Witnes *Poytiers and Cressey,* where our blood
Royall, although it be sau'd to make clay
Moyst with the showers, and temper the dry earth:
When I and all my sonnes were prisoners tane,
And had to England to be wondred at:
Ransom'd although I was, it grieues me much
I cannot doe the like vnto my foe.
Sa. Let your French Souldiers ioyne themselues with ours,
Aud weele inuade his Kingdome.
Bast. And constraine him & the *Palsgraue* to the like disgrace.
Me. Fortune was neuer stedfast vnto any.
But like the Ocean that bounds in the Land,

885. Read 'And.'

Both ebbs and flowes according to the Moone.
Quee. But if I might aduise your Maiestie,
By former losses you should be more wise,
Then hazzard *France* againe to the like spoyle:
Edward is fortunate in all his warres;
And wise men will not striue against the streame:
Therefore be circumspect, and keepe your owne.
F. K. This theame our counsel shal at large discusse,
Till when, to England, weele Ambassage send,
To aduise King *Edward* not to be our foe,
Lest it offend vs, that are friends to both:
If the Doue speede not, weele the Serpent proue.
Sax. And winne by craft, what may not be by loue.
Who shall haue that imployment?
Bast. Not your Honor, because your spirit is rough and turbulent.
F. K. No, if I might intreat these reuerend Bishops,
By them I would direct this Embassie:
Since it concernes them, it behooues they stirre,
Who know the sweetes, will cause no warre.
Trier. Weele vndertake it, if the Emperour please.
Bast. When I send thither, it shall be in thunder:
Yet as the French King orders it proceede.
F. K. You know your charge, be milde, but yet not base,
Though we giue ground, we will not lose our place.

Manet Saxon. *Exeunt.*

Saxon. Euen now a bold conceit hath entered me,
And thats to visit England in disguise:
As well to further our conspiracie
Against the *Palsgraue* and King *Edwards* life,
As to surueigh the Countrey, and obserue

What Hauens best to entertaine a Fleete:
The English Nation with my soule I hate,
And would doe any thing to winne the State. *Exit.*

[Act IV. Scene 1. *King Edward's palace.*]

Enter Edward, Clynton, olde Fytzwaters, the Palsgraue, Cullen, and others.

King. Not possible my Lords to finde those men?
Are they so wily to deceiue vs all?
Sure they are harboured by some neere about,
That does affect the English Diadem:
He's worse then mad would ayme at Englands Crowne.
Though the *Blacke Prince* be dead, so many sonnes
I haue left to gouerne, which marres their rule.
Edward himselfe has left a hopefull heyre,
The Princely *Richard* to inherit it.
Plots yet, tricks yet, well we must hope the best.
Pals. I rather thinke the ill was aymd at me,
Becausę I came to mooue your Maiestie
For the deposing of the Emperour:
And it is knowne the *Bastard* is my foe,
Witnesse the Warres in *Germany* and *Spayne:*
Treason by him is euermore in act,
His brayne coynes faster then the English Mynt;
Tretcherous proceedings, gold has many friends:
And he must be a man of excellent vertue
Whom it corrupts not. Howsoere, I am sorry
The Saylors did escape.
Clyn. Here are their cases. *2. Saylors canuas Suits.*
Vnder the which I thinke were better cloathes,
And for their Steedes, thought could not be more quicke,
Or we had tooke them.

O Fyth. They were swift indeed.
King. As swiftly with their flight vanish our feares.
And now most Noble *Palsgraue* of the Rheine,
Thinke your selfe welcome to the English Court:
And reuerend *Cullen.*
Cullen. I doe thanke your Grace.
King. Your Father lou'd me well, and for his sake,
As well as for your owne, Ile honour you:
And after feasting we will try your force
In friendly manner at a Tournament,
Which as I thinke, you haue prepard my Lords.
O. F. We haue my Liege, & the most youthful blood
That the Court yeelds will shew their Chiualdry,
In honour of *Bauaria's* Royall Duke.
Palsg. Let him sit fast that shall contend with me,
Or I shall shake him, be he nere so Royall:
I shew no fauour when I am in Armes,
Nor looke for any from my Opposites.
But Turnaments are reuels made for sport,
And hee runnes well, that gets a good report.
King: Weele trie your valour, & perchance run with you.
Leade on. *Exeunt.*

[Scene 2. *Apartments of the Earl of Artoise.*]

Enter the Earle of Artoise.

Artoise. The discontented *English* like to mee,
Hates all delight, I and the Court it selfe:
To lead a priuate life, where they may plot
Reuenge on those that are theyr opposites.
Not many yeares past, who but I esteem'd,
King *Edward* has vpon my shoulder leand,

And thankt mee in mine eare many a time,
For making *Fraunce* his, I betraid *Ualoys*
My soueraigne King, in *England* to get grace:
And now I lookte to be a Duke at least:
Artoise is sleighted as a thing forgot,
But I haue sent my Attendant to the Court,
And if he speed not, I shall proue as false
Edward to thee, as to my Natiue *French*.

Enter a Seruant.

Seruant. The King is not at leysure
To listen to your sute; All his thoughts now
Are taken vp to giue the *Palsgraue* grace,
Who is come to Court, and meanes to Turney there
Art. Treason run with them, or som dangerous plot,
Take life and being to destroy them both;
Must my affaires giue place vnto a *Palsgraue?*
T'was I that quartered with the *English* Lyons,
The Armes of *France*, in opening *Edwards* Title,
Which but for mee had in obliuion slept,
Then I was as the *Palsgraue* in his brest,
My sight his foode, my saying, his harts rest.
Who's that, that knocks, look forth, & bring vs word?
Seru. A couple of Gentlemen would speak with you.
Arto. Let them com in, were they a pair of mischiefs,
They are welcome now. For I haue thoughts like Hell,
Blacke and confusde.

Enter Uandome and Mendozze.

Seru. These are the Gentlemen.
Uandome. Our busines is to you most noble *Artoise*,
The *Emperour* does salute you in this Letter,
And prayes you by the Honour of an *Earle*,

You faile not to conioyne your ayde with ours,
About some plot against his Enemies.
Artoise. The Letter speaks the words, but names no plot.
Mendo: Tis not deuisd as yet, but ere long great *Cæsar*
Will set it downe, and send it to vs all.
Now as his Mightinesse desires is this,
That you giue shelter to vs while wee stay
For his Affaires in *England,* and your pension
Which euery yeare you haue receiued from him,
Shall from henceforth be doubled with his loue.
Artoise. Cæsar is gracious, and has my hart:
But were not you the Seruants that attended
On the last *Emperour* that was made away,
And helpt to send him to a timelesse graue?
Uandome. We were my Lord.
Artoise. Let me embrace you in mine armes for that.
Mendo: But that ill speed followed our hopes to day,
We had giuen a period to King *Edwards* life,
And to the *Palsgraues.*
Uandome. Wee attempted it.
Habited like Saylers, but our pistolls failde,
And after long pursute, our Roabes throwne off,
We escapte with life.
Mendozze. And come to liue with you.
Artoise. Liue here as safe as in a Fort of brasse.
Such men I wisht for to assist my spleene,
Vnto one marke all our affections tend.
And they both dye if that the Emperour send.

Exeunt.

[Scene 2. *Another room in King Edward's palace.*]

The Trumpets sound within as at a Tournament:

A great shoute.

Enter old Fytzwaters and Clynton.

O. Fytz. Did you ere see a better Tournament,
Or brauer Runners then this day appear'd
In the Tilt-yard?
Clyn. The best that ere I saw.
What a braue Horse the *Palsgraue* rid vpon,
And with what courage, nimblenesse, and strength,
Did he vnhorse his valiant opposites?
Speares flew in splinters, halfe the way to heauen,
And none that ranne against him kept his saddle,
Except the King, and he demeand him well:
It ioyes my soule, that he has yet in store
Such manly vigor; and the peoples hearts
Were not a little glad.
O. Fytz. Here they come all.
Enter King Edward, Palsgraue, Cullen, and others.
King. I feare you are ouer-wearied with our sports,
To speake the truth, I feele them troublesome,
Whether it be by discontinuancce or age, I know not,
But my breath growes short.
Pals. What Oke is euer strong? age makes *Ioues* tree,
The fayrest King, and Emperour of the wood,
To bend it selfe, and bow his lofty armes
Downewards vnto the earth that fostred it.
No *Cæder* growes straight till his latest day:
As there's a weaknesse in their springing vp,
So is there in their declination.
The middle age the lusty does expresse,

1040. Read 'discontinuance.'

And there flowes vigor, like a sea of strength,
Able to beare downe what doth stand the streame:
Such is mine now; but as my yeers doe flow,
Like *Okes* and *Cæders* they must straight bow low.
King. Sit by our side, and weare a *Cæsars* wreath.

A Wreath of Laurell.

Palsgr. Victorious *Edward* keepe it as your right,
And let it mingle with your Royall Crowne,
That haue deseru'd it in the field of warre,
Not as tis mine, giuen for a Turnament.
King. It is our gifte, and you shall weare it still,
Bring forth the other honour wee intend
Vnto this thrice renowned Gentleman.

Enter an Herauld, with a faire Cushion, and the Garter vppon it.

Herald. My gratious Liege here is the Garter ready.
King. Which to the *Palsgraue* we command you beare,
Garter and *Herald* heere presents your Honour
With the *Order of the Garter,* whence he takes
His Office and his Name, by our Decree:
This is a fauour which no *Forraine Prince*
Euer enioyd yet, but the time may come
When Kings in seeking it may be instald,
It was my Institution, and is worne
By none but the most Noble, and those fewe
Hereafter I will tell your Excellence
The *Motiue* why the *Order* was deuisd':
Meane time his hand shall claspe it to your Legge,
For tis a custome which you must not breake.
Palsgr: Your Highnes honours mee exceedingly.
King. You are now my *Fellow-Knight,* and you must sweare,

To fight for Ladies, & their *Fames* preserue.
But that wee leaue to Deputation,
To fight for Ladies, & their *Fames* preserue.
It shall suffice now, say on, passe your word.
[*Palsg.*] My Word and Oath, so please your Maiestie,
The *Motto,* as I red it was in *French,*
Honny soit qui Mal y pense:
Ill be his meede makes goodnesse an offence:
Or, Euill bee to him that euill thinkes.
I haue learnt the sence, the *Order* I will keepe
Inuiolate, by Hand and by my Sword;
And hope in time it shall as famous prooue,
As that of *Malta* or *Ierusalems.*
Clinton. The Bishops, *Mentz,* & *Trier,* sent from *France,*
By the *French* King desire to be admitted.
With them associate comes the bold *Poytiers,*
But as I thinke hee's no Embassadour.
King. Giue them admittance.
We could not wish for a more braue assemblie,
Then at this instant to giue Audience.

Enter Mentz and Trier, and Saxon disguised like a Frenchman.

Mentz. Because the matter does concerne our selues
Most mighty King of *England,* we haue taken
This Embassie in hand, not sent by *Cæsar,*
But from your Neighbour, the great King of *France:*
Who by vs first intreates, after enioynes
You take good heede how you the *Palsgraue* aide,
For that he sayes, and will maintaine asmuch.
It were vniust now *Cæsar* to depose,
Who by his valour, if all Titles faile,
Merits the honour of an *Emperour.*

1103. Read 'as much.'

Trier. And that he is peerlesse for his minde,
And haughty resolution through the world,
That none so well as hee deserues the stile,
And being inuested in the dignitie,
Twere a dishonour great and Capitall,
Now to constraine him to a lower place:
Which if you seeke, heele shield from such disgrace.
King. Has *France* forgot our former victories,
That his Commission is so peremptorie?
Or is it but the Stratageme of *Cæsar,*
To blinde vs with the Name of the *Frence* King?
And *Iohn* of *France* be ignorant of this,
Before we answere your prowde Embassie,
Weel send Embassadours to know the truth:
And if we be deceiu'd by a tricke,
Cæsar shall know he has dishonourd vs.
Saxon. I am a *Frenchman,* and a Peere of *France,*
My name *Poyctiers,* but no Ambassadour.
Yet by the Honours that my sword hath wonne,
King *Iohn* of *France* deliuered what they spake.
King. Being no Embassadour, why came you hither
To be a Spye, and to surueigh my Land?
Saxon. A Spye, one of my blood without disguise,
Being the first Reuealer of my selfe.
How can this hold King *Edward* to be true?
I vse no Intelligence but with my sword:
Nor seeke for other corners then deepe wounds.
So if I come by any great mans hart
In honourable difference I surueigh it.
Palsgraue. At whose hart aime you now, that you are come?
To iustifie an Embassage against mee?
Saxon. I say who weares the *Germaine* Diadem
Deserues it better then the best that's here;
Or any whom the *English* King, or thou
For priuate reasons wouldst preferre to weare it,

And that it is not honour prompts you to it;
But secret pride, to haue a person gouerne,
Which *Palsgraue,* thou mightst rule ambitiously.
Palsgr: Thou fowl-mouth'd sladerer eat thy prowd words vp,
Wherwith thou hast asperst me; or by my furie
Shall make thee curse this bold-fac'te impudence.
Saxon. Come, Come, you cannot doe it.
Palsgraue. Cannot.
Saxon. Nor dare. Ile stand the furie of thy prowdest shocke,
Not fearing danger in so sleight a Foe:
Should I put off these *Masks,* my wounds would fright,
And these wide mouthes which I haue got in warre
Not halfe heald vp, pronounce it in thy blood.
Thou art too weake to enter Armes with mee.
Palsgraue. Since mildnesse cannot temper your stern wrath,
But that your splene must vomit vpon mee.
Ile teach you Syr to haue your tongue lockt vp.
By taking off your locke. (*Pulls off his locke.*
Saxon. My haire torne off. (*They part them.*
Palsgr. Who haue we here? This is the hauty *Saxon.*
Saxon. Grant me the combat *Edward,* of this *Palsgraue.*
King. He is a prince himselfe, & knowes his power
Palsgraue. Now by the honour of my Fathers house,
Saxon Ile meete thee in the Realme of *France,*
In the Kings Court, or place where thou wert borne,
So I may haue good Hostage, and faire play.
Saxon. Now by my gage thou shalt. (*His gloue.*
Palsgr: This shall suffise.
I haue your locke to mee a better pledge.

Saxon. I would I had thy head to counteruayle it.
A whyrl-winde be thy guide, and a rough Sea
Plague thee before thou comst for my haires losse,
Hel & som Deuill was author of this crosse
Exit Saxo.
King. You haue payd him soundly and deseruedly.
But now to answere you in briefe, tis thus,
The *Palsgraue* and our selfe will see the King
With expedition, where (if hee make good
The prowd Iniunction you haue chargde vs with,
We will lay wast his Countrey, and once more
Put *France* in hazard of a sound losse.
Palsgraue. This *Saxons* braue, giues courage to vs all.
But Ile requite it with a *Germaine* braule.

[Scene 4. *Apartments of the Earl of Artoise.*]

Enter Saxon, Artoise, Uandome, and Mendoza, Trier, and Cullen.

Sax. You are the cause next to disgrace the *Palsgraue*
For which I came. The *Emperour* greetes you well,
And would haue noble *Artoise* lend his hand,
Both to cut off *Bauaria* and the King.
Artoise. Where?
Mentz. Here in *England.*
Trier. Or what place you will.
Uandome. *France* is the safer for the Stratagem.
Mendoz. And *Edward* is determined to saile thither.
Saxon. In *Fraunce* then giue it birth.
Where if it fayle Ile be the *Palgraues* death. *Exeunt.*

[Scene 5. *Palace of the Frence king.*]

Enter French King solus.

F. King. The care of Kingdomes is a weighty charge
So is the care of children. But *Loues* care
Exceeds them all: That dryes the blood of life
More then the Feauer, though they burne like Fire:
And to submit it to the law of reason,
Makes reason follie, and discourse a Foole.
Then irresistable all ruling power
Reuell in young mens hearts, and leaue the olde,
Or meddle with inferiours, not with Kings;
We should be priuiledged, because most high,
But what's a King vnto a Deitie?

Enter Floramell, with a Napkin, and a cup of Wine.

Floramell. Your Maiestie call'd for a cup of wine.
F. King. I did faire creature, & I thank your paines.
But when I view the colour of your lippe,
And looke on this, the wine me thinks lookes pale:
You haue a better luster in your eye,
Then any sparkle that can rise from hence:
The siluer whitenesse that adornes thy necke,
Sullyes the plate, and makes the Napkin blacke.
Thy looking well, makes all things else looke fowle,
Being so faire in bodie, what's thy soule?
Floram. My soule and body are the gift of heauen,
And I will vse them to my *Makers* praise:
If other seruice (great King) you require,
I am ready, attend your hearts desire.
F. King. I think sweet creature, what thy tongue has vtterd
Is distant many paces from thy heart.
My hearts desire, tis not in bending low,

After the afficious custome of a Court:
Nor lyes it in the vse of common things,
To bring and take away; my hearts desire
Is to enioy thee in another sort,
Which if thou yeeld vnto, thou shalt be great,
Greatest in France, next, nay before my Queene:
For Ile finde meanes to take away her life,
So I may haue thee as a second wife.
Flora. The *Saint* of France forbid it, & all powers,
That haue continued both so long together
In sacred rites of Mariage, heauen deny
I should be Authour of her Tragedy:
Or giue content where murther is oppos'd.
If I should yeeld, and your Queene made away,
Might you not vse me so another day?
Tis fearefull building vpon any sinne,
One mischiefe entred, brings another in:
The second pulls a third, the third drawes more,
And they for all the rest set ope the dore:
Till custome take away the iudging sence,
That to offend we thinke it no offence.
Wherefore my Lord, kill mischiefe while tis small,
So by degrees you may destroy it all.
F. King. Deuine is thy discourse, like to thy beauty.
Flo. Doe not Idolatrize, beauties a flowre,
Which springs and withers almost in an houre:
Sicknesse impayres it, but death kills it quite,
It vades as fast as shaddowes in the night.
Why should your Grace call it Diuinitie?
There's nought diuine, but that which cannot dye.
Least I offend by staying here too long,
Ile take my leaue, and so curbe in my tongue.
F. King Speake still, Ile heare thee.
Flor. To our Sex tis hard, (*Exit Floramell*
We should be twice seene, ere we be once heard.

1218. Read 'officious.'

F. K. Shee'll neuer yeeld! why do I woo her then?
Because I cannot bridle my desires,
Nor sleepe, nor eate, but as I dreame of her:
Shee's to me as my *Genius,* or my soule;
And more then they, because she gouernes them.
Some way Ile take, my freedome to recouer:
That there's no physicke made to cure a Louer!

Enter the French Queene.

Queene. My Lord.
F. King. My Loue.
Queene. Yes.
F. King. Infortuna.
Queene. How! *Infortuna?*
F. K. I mistooke thy name:
Yet now I thinke on't, I had busie thoughts
How I might raise that Virgin to some Honour,
And match her with some worthy Peere of France.
Qu. Your selfe my Lord in some Adulterate kinde.
F. K. Nay then you wrong me, I meant vertuously;
Beleeue me Sweet I did, I loue thee so,
No euill thought should make me wrong thy bed,
By this it shall not, this, and this, my Loue. *Kisses her.*
Queene. You flatter me.
F. K. I loue thee as I should:
What, we haue liu'd together twenty yeeres,
And neuer wrongd each other, should I now
Be the first causer of the marriage breach?
Banish such thoughts, let all mistrust begon.
If she grow iealous, I am twice vndone. *Exit F. King.*
Quee. Ile haue about with her, to finde out all.
Within there. *Enter Floramell.*
Flo. Madame.

Queene. What *Medea* was't,
Of whom you learnt the Art of *Socery,*
To inchaunt a King, and draw him to your bed?
Thinke you, because you are my Mayd of Honour,
Ile honour you so farre, to haue my Lord,
Thou shamelesse Callet? tis ingratitude,
Into my Husbands heart so to intrude.
I could haue helpt thee to a wealthy choyce,
Had you spar'd mine; but now it cannot be,
For I must hate thee for thy tretchery.
Flo. I am accus'd, that ought to be excus'd,
And blam'd as one vnchaste, for being chaste.
I Inchaunt the King, and vse *Medeas* Art?
Witch-craft I haue alwaies hated with my heart:
And except Modestie a *Circe* be,
I know no other kinde of Socery.
Your Highnesse sent me with a Cup of Wine
Vnto the King, the occasion of his wooing;
Was it my fault to doe your Highnesse will?
Iudge gracious Maiestie but as you ought,
And doe not blame me for a Virgins tryall:
His loue was answered with a strong denyall;
And so deny'd for euer shall he be,
That seekes by such meanes to dishonour me.
Before I wrong a Queene so truely kinde,
Ile marre my face, and make my sad eyes blinde.
Queene. In. *Exit Floramell.*
Weele consider farther of your teares:
Ile haue her watcht, if she prooues false, she dyes;
But if continue constant to the end,
Neuer had Lady a more Royall friend. *Exit.*

[Scene 6. *An island in the English Channel.*]

Enter young Fitzwaters aloft.

Y. Fytz. Since I was cast vpon this fatall Rocke,
And saw my Loue disseuered by the waues,

And my kinde Steward in the Ocean drownd,
Here I haue liu'd, fed onely with raw Fish,
Such as the Sea yeelds: and each Shippe I see,
(As dayly there are some furrow this way)
I call vnto for ayde, but nere the neere.
Once ask't me, What I was? I answer'd him,
An *Englishman.* Quoth he, *Stay there and starue.*
To the next that past, I sayd I was a *French-borne.*
Ile ayde no French quoth he. Vnto a third,
That I a *Spaniard* was. He bad me *hang:*
So that I know not what I ought to say,
Nor whom to speake to: but in happy time,
From this high Rocke, I see a tall Shippe come,
Furnisht with all his Sayles; and as it ploughes
The Ocean vp, it rayses hills of snow,
That fly on both sides as they did giue way,
To make a valley for the Shippe to passe:
Their Captaine as I thinke lookes vpon me,
And has tooke notice of my wauing hand.
Now the Ship turnes and this way ploughes amaine,
As if it meant to runne itself aground:
In happy time, now I shall be relieu'd.

Enter Saxon, Artoise, Mentz, Uandome, and Mendoza.

Saxon. Twas heere abouts the Gallant beckned me,
He seemes a person of some eminence.
By the glittering of his Suite against the Sunne,
Cast Anker here, and let vs question him.
Men. Yonder he stands, mounted vpon the rocke.
Sax. The very same. What art thou, whats thy name?
Thy place of birth, fortune, and parentage,
That thou are left vpon this desolate shore?
And what requirest thou stranger at our hands?

1313. Read 'One.'

Y. Eitz. As you are men, and therefore may be crost,
Be fauorable to a wretched man:
Know, that the Sea has cast me on this place,
Where I haue led a discontented life,
Ere since the last storme, and no passenger
Has taken pitty to remooue me hence.
Though food I want not, cause the sea yeelds fish,
I would be shifted to a better place.
My name's *Fitzwaters,* by my byrth a Lord:
My naturall residence in England was,
Some of your company I haue often seene;
Set me aland where dwell inhabitants,
And thankfully I will requite your loue.
Artoy. Tis young *Fytzwaters,* pray sir take him in.
Sax. You know my hatred to all Englishmen,
Since my disgrace, and shall I pitty him?
Ment. But he's descended of a Noble house.
Sax. The more should I reioyce to see him dye.
Trier. Has valour.
Sax. Let him vse it on the Rocks.
Uand. But euery enemie beares not your minde,
Some haue beene fauourable to their foes.
Mend. And tis an honour in an enemie
To saue where he may kill.
Y. Fytz. Your answere there?
Sax. You speake as you'd compell it.
Y. Fytz. In the honourable entercourse of men
I should doe so, and were you in my case,
You would inforce your owne necessitie.
Sa. What would this Stranger be in prosperous state,
That beares so high a minde in his distress?
Y. Fytz. I would be as thou art, proud of nothing.

1339. Read '*Y. Fitz.*'

Sax. Is a Shippe nothing?
Y. Fytz. As it ankers here
It beares a goodly show; but launcht againe,
And a storme rise, it may be cast aland
As I haue beene: nay worse, it may may be sunke,
And then what is't, but a fayre something, nothing?
What is, and now is not; man's life, or a dreame,
Now swimming, and then swallowed in the streame.
Sax. His words are piercing, some go take him in:
Come downe, and be receiued into our Boate.
Art. That shall be my charge. *Exit Artoise.*
Sax. Could wee draw this spirit
Into our plot, hee'd helpe to manage it
Vnto the life, and I should take it better
Then yet I doe.
Vand. Perswasion may corrupt.
Ment. But be aduis'd how you perswade him to it.
Trier. And take his Oath at first for sacrifice.
Vand. We are not puny Pollititians,
To be instructed in the rules of euill:
Here comes *Fitzwaters.*

Enter young Fytzwaters and Artoise.

Sax. Your hand.
Y. Fytz. And sword, but that the Sea deuour'd it.
Sax. Know sir, we haue businesse of import in hand,
Wherein our purpose is to craue your ayde,
And as we sayle to *France* weele open it.
Y. Fyst. I am yours in all things that are honourable.
Sax. Honourable or not, you shall do what we list.
Launch foorth into the deepe. *Exeunt.*

1372. Omit 'may.'

[Act V. Scene 1. *In France.*]

Enter King Edward, Palsgraue, old Fytzwaters, Clynton and Cullen, Drummes, Colours, and Souldiers.

King. We did not thinke to haue footed the *French* ground.
A second time in such Hostilitie;
But when the conquered beares so proud a head,
Tis fit we make him stoope: yet least the King
Be not himselfe, or be abus'd by any,
My Lord of *Cullen,* we intreat your paynes
To enquire it out by our Ambassadour,
As *Mentz* and *Trier* his: say that our force
Might spoyle his countrey, and make waste his land;
But that with *Frence* blood we haue surfetted,
And therefore care not greatly to shed more.
Say, We will meete him at an enterview,
There to discourse our griefes before we fight,
Where if he haue wrongd me, he shall doe me right.
Cullen. I shall delate your Highnesse Embassie.
Pal. But say from me my sword nere drunke *Frence*
And therefore it is thirstie for their liues:
That ere I leaue the Continent of *France,*
Without good satisfaction from the King,
None of his Caualieres shall were a locke,
Ile haue them all cut off, and euery yeere
Be payd in such a tribute for my wrongs.
As for proud *Saxon,* Say my word is kept,
And bid him warily respect his owne:
The French Kings Palace shall not saue his life,
Nor the best rampierd Bulwarke in the Land,
Except he answere me as fits a Peere.
Cul. But to the Emperour, whats your will to him?
Pals. That as he run from *Spayne,* he shall run hence,

Or I shall make him a poore Emperour.
His Basterd brauery tell him must goe downe,
And the legitimate weare *Cæsars* Crowne.
King. Fayle not to vtter euery sillable
Both of the *Palsgraues* sending and our owne.
Cul. I shall deliuer both.
Pals. Tak't how they please,
If they fly hence, weele follow through the Seas.
Cullen. I goe. *Exit Cullen.*
King. High is this Embassy, like to your valour,
Which I admire, and loue ardently;
That I could wish your presence all my dayes,
And thinke your company to me more sweete
Then mine owne Kingdome, or my Crowne besides.
Pals. Your loue and Royall presence I desire.
K. Clynton, and bold *Fytzwaters,* be it your charge,
Prouided well of our best Ships and Souldiers,
To sayle to *Germanie,* and free our friends,
Kept as we heare there with a slender guard,
In a weake Castle.
Old Fitz. Which weele soone beate downe.
Palsgr. And bring them hither.
Clinton. Or returne no more.
King. March forwards to the place where weel encampe. *Exeunt.*

[Scene 2. *Another part of France.*]

Enter Fitz-waters, Artoyse, Uandome, and Mendoza.

Uand. What should the reason be of this dissention
And why is young *Fitz-waters* froward thus?
Artoyse. His arguments are strong and forcible.
Mendoz. Single vs hither to the forrest side,
Vnder pretense to plot more priuately,

And now not onely to mislike our drifts,
But call vs punies, and vnskilfull men,
It shewes a spleenefull hatred to vs all.
Y. Eytz. Not vnto all, but only to you two:
Why should the Earle and I borne a Lords sonne,
Ioine with a paire of base companions,
In such a waighty cause as a Kings death:
I know youle say you haue beene physitians,
Sailer, and Soldiers, and in such disguise,
Done some exploit that haue deseru'd respect,
I graunt as much, but yet your birthes are meane,
No gentry in your bloold was euer knowne
By naturall Heraldry, your low discents
Disables vs, and we must seeke to rise,
With others of our owne condition.
Men. Come *Uandome,* of our selues weele do the deed
Y. Fitz. Thar were the ingrossing of the fame from vs
And so you would haue all the thankes your selues:
Neither commixt with vs, nor yet alone,
Shall it be acted, but as we are the best
In brith, and ablity to doe it,
Weele haue the priuiledge of doing it.
Vandome. And we should giue it ouer.
Y. Fitz. To your betters.
Or hauing fit place, *Artoise* and my selfe,
Will kill you first, then cast you in the Riuer.
Artoise. Hee speakes what wee intend.
Mendozze. Intend your worse?
Cæsar has promisde him the *Palsgraues* place,

1452. Read 'Y. Fytz.'
1458. Read 'exploits.'
1460. Read 'blood.'
1465. Read 'That.'
1469. Read 'birth' and 'ability.'

And I shall be the *Marquesse Brandenburgh*:
Thinke you such Titles shalbe lost by feare.
Our valour has bene tryde with worthy men,
And ere we loose the glorie of the Act,
Uandome and I doe meane to vse you so.
Y. Fyth. Theyle nere be honest.
Uandome. Come Syr, are you ready?
Artoise. Most resolute villains, how they would outbraue vs?
Y. Fyth. But noble *Artoise,* now the fire is giuen
The Cannon must goe off.
Artoise. Vnto theyr deaths.

Fight. Y. Fyth and Artoise kill Uandome, and Mendozza.

So they are dead, and now the Fame remaines
Onely to vs, that will accomplish it.
Y. Fyth. Onely to mee, that will perform't alone.
Thinkes *Artoise* those were slaine cause they are base?
Or that I wrought you to assist my plot,
Because you are of the Nobilitie?
No, I haue still this *Maxime* in my thoughts,
That a Competitor, though nere so Noble,
Takes away halfe the fame in euery thing:
I could haue opend this vnto you all,
But that I thought my selfe too weake for three:
And therefore prouidently vsde thy strength,
To kill them first, that I might slay thee after.
Now they are dead, thy life must follow theirs,
And so I share the honour to my selfe:
I will be *Palsgraue, Marquesse Brandenburgh,*
And the *Bohemian* King in mee alone,
Cæsar shall write himselfe three Friends in one.

1481 and below. Read '*Y. Fyts.*'

Artoise. I doe not think thou meanst to be a traitor.

Y. Fitz. Now you come neer me, but that secrets mine,
And seeking it you must digge through my heart,
Or it will nere be found, it lyes so close.

Art: Ile know it, or a reason in your blood.

Y. Fytz. Wilt thou turne honest?

Artoise. Doe not torture mee,
With repetition of that Beggars name:
Whome none but Idiots, Innocents, or blockes
Will entertaine.

Y. Fytz. I would change your minde
From this erronious and ill boding thought,
Because of late you freed me from the rocke,
But if it be so hurtfull to your sight
Be your owne death, Ile not reueale my minde.

Arto. If that I cannot force it with my sworde,
Ile let it alone.

Fight, and kills Artoise.

[*Y. Fitz.*] So lye together, three a paire Royall makes,
And heres a paire Royall of excellent Villaines;
These haue slaine princes by their owne confession,
These made a Nation swimme in her owne blood,
The streame is turnde with you, t'is now high flood:
But I must cast you all into the Riuer.
Yea, swords and all, to cleare mee from suspect;
Suspect? by whome this place yeelds no such eye,
Tis well the worlds rid of their villanie. *Exit.*

[Scene 3. *Palace of the French King.*]

Enter seuerally, the French King and Floramell

Floram. His Highnes here, then *Floramell* giue back.

F. King. Tis shee, a word; theres no retiring hence.
In vaine you striue, my force opposde against yours,
Will easily subdue your womans strength,
But theres a power included in your eye
That conquers Kings, subdues a Deitie.
And he that had the strength to rule those graces,
Might nere be caught, yet view the brightest faces:
One kisse, and Ile no more importune you.
Floram. On that condition, I will graunt you one.
F. King. But you must giue it mee.
Floram. *Dian* forbid, that were immodestie.
F. King. It must be so.
Floram. Vpon your Kingly Oath,
Neuer hereafter to renew your sute.
F. King. Now by my crowne I sweare.
Floram. Take it.
F. King. Tis done:
And with this kisse, a second Fire begun,
More ardent are my thoughts now then before:
I lou'd thee well, but now I loue thee more.
Thou shalt not leaue me, but for euer dwell,
Where I abide, thy absence is my hell.
Floram. Thinke on your Oath.
F. King. At Louers periurie, the Gods themselues doe winke.
Flo. A King say so, *pardon me sir,* your wil Ile not obey.
But your oth broken, mainely run away. *Exit Floram.*
Enter the Queene, hauing heard their conference.
Qu. So, so, so: This is the affection that you beare to me?
Thinkes the *French King* Ile not reuenge this wrong?
As I am *Queene* of *France,* Ile make her know,
What tis to be corriuall in my Loue:
Shee dyes by Heauen.

F. King. If thou but spoyle a hair,
Or shed one drop of her celestiall blood
For any courtesie I haue offered her,
My wrath shall: as a furie haunt the deed.
And Ile torment thee for such crueltie,
Worse then the damned in the world below.
I seldome threaten, but I doe it straight,
Her death thy Hell, looke too't, tis a shrewd fate.

Exit King.

Queene. Hee euer yet was soueraigne of his word,
What shall I doe, brooke this corriualship?
No, since I cannot in the Realme of *France,*
Haue the reuenge my longing heart desires,
Else-where Ile seeke it, I of late beheld
An *English* Lord in fauour at the Court,
His name *Fitzwaters,* and I loue him well:
By his procurement I will lay a plot,
To yeeld King *Iohn* vnto his enemies,
So to obtaine my purpose, if it take
How euer Fooles may thinke to proiect ill,
It likes mee well, because I haue my will. *Exit.*

[Scene 4. *Retired place near the French King's palace.*]

Enter a Frenchman and an Englishman.

Frenchman. What are you?
English: An *Englishman* & a traueller; what are you?
French: A *Frenchman,* and no traueller.
English: Then giue way; For I am the better man.
French: The better man?
Englishm: I, the better man, by the perambulation of 2. or 3. thousand miles, I haue seene the great *Turke* borrow Money, and neuer minde the repayment ont.

French: Peuh, is that all? we haue a number of great Christians that will doe so, and when a man comes to demaund his owne somewhat boldly, hee shalbe committed to prison, or made a Foole, to stand wayting at the foredore where the Coach stands, whiles the Lord steales out at the backe-dore by water.

English: Ist possible?

French: That our Tradesmen can tell, to their great hindrance, & I my selfe know this, that being in pouertie, a Lord called me by my name thrice, but hee would not remember it once, when hee came to his Lands.

Englishman. The reason is, least thou shouldst begge some of his New-liuing.

French: Nay rather for feare of paying the old score.

English: Sure thou art some *Noblemans* bastard, thou canst tell their tricks so right.

French. And by some great woman: For I can tell you their trickes too.

English. As how?

French. Your only fine Lady is wantonnesse, & new Fashions, your Cittizens wife gallops after. But shee is not so well horste to ouertake her.

English: Now we are in the discourse of women, What Countrey-women doest thou loue best?

French: I loue none.

English: I loue all, and to kisse them after the fashion of all Nations.

Frenchm. Why I pray sir, doe not all Nations kisse alike?

English: You are no Traueller, and therefore Ile beare with your ignorance: but know this, your *Spanyard*, as hee is prowde, hee kisses prowdly, as if hee scornde the touch of a Ladies lippe; marry you

Frenchmen draw it in, as if hee would swallow her aliue: Now the *Italian* has soone done with the vpper parts, to be tickling of the lower: and we *Englishmen* can neuer take enough at both endes.

Frenchm: Is not your name Maister doe much?

English: It is, and yours (I thinke should be *Monsieur* doe litle.

Frenchman. Wee ere somewhat a kinne in the first part of our names, and I pray heartily let vs be better acquainted together.

English: You must doe as I doe then, and since we were both appointed, to wayte heere for the *French* Queenes comming, lets take her golde, and forsweare our selues.

French: Heere comes her Maiestie.

Enter the Queene.

Queene. Are you resolu'de to vndergoe this charge?
Tis but an Oath, which I will guild with Crownes,
And beare you out against the Law.

Frenchm: I can doe little beeing so animated, if I should not forsweare my selfe, for so fayre a Queene.

Englishm: And Ile doe as much as your Maiestie will haue me doe.

Queene. Take this in earnest, and when tis done, you shall haue more.

Frenchman. Wee will.

Englishman. And from this time forwards, let vs bee forsworne brothers.

Frenchman. Content. *Exeunt French. & English.*

Queene. Ile instruct you: Here comes *Fitzwaters.*

Enter Young Fytzwaters.

1624. Read 'are.'

Y. Fytz. According to your Maiesties commaund,
I come to know your pleasure for the Letter
I should deliuer to the *English* King,
With that base strumpet that has Iniur'd you.
Queene. There is the Letter, which I charge you
beare vnto King Edward, and assure his Grace
I will performe what I haue promis'de in't,
Ile send the strumpet to you instantly. *Exit Queene.*
Y. Fyth. I knowe not by what influence I am falne
Into the affection of this potent Queene:
But shee has sworne shee loues me as her soule:
And to enioy me in her amorous Bed,
Would spend the reuenues of the Crowne of *France*
Were it her owne: Ile temporize with her,
To effect some plot vpon my Soueraignes foes,
But shee shall know, Although shee loue me well,
My hearts desires were drownd with *Floramell.*

Enter Floramell.

Floramell. By all descriptions this should be the man,
To whome I am directed by the Queene:
But whome doe I beholde the young *Fytzwaters?*
Y. Fyth. Tis she, Oh no, shees in the *Ocean* drownd,
No; Shees escapt it seemes as well as I.
But I will take no acquaintance of my Loue,
Till shee has cleerd her from the Queenes suspect.
Floramell. It is not meete I take acquaintance first,
Nor will I till I know a iust cause why,
Of his Familiar dealings with the Queene,
Here is the key her Highnes promiz'd you.
Y. Fytz. And you the prisoner to be safe lockt vp,
For your incontinence and wanton life.
Floramell. You doe me wrong, I hate incontinence,
Nor did I euer loue a wanton life:

I am a desolate Ladie, shipwrackt here,
And had a Husband once, too like thy lookes.
But not of such a rude condition.
Oh were hee present, and should heare thee speake
Such boystrous termes against his honourd wife,
He would out of the vertue of his minde
Knowing my conuersation to be good,
Write this base slander in thy villaines blood.
Y. Fytz. So confident, her innocence is great,
That can doe this sincetely without trickes:
But if you be the same that you would seeme,
How comes that your reputations growne,
Into such scandall, and your name the theame,
Of euery idle fellow in the Court?
That Groomes report, faire *Infortunate* is
The French Kings loue: Nay worse his concubine.
The voyce of men is held the voyce of God:
And where an euill is so farre proclaimde,
The generality approues the guilt,
And shees vnworthy to surviue a minute,
To be the separation of two hearts,
Made one by Marriage.
Floramell. Kill me, kill me then.
Hauing my sentence, wherefore am I sparde?
Or doe you take delight to torture mee?
Before you serue the Execution?
The Law requires no more but death for Lust.
The lingring is a note of Tyrannie.
It is sufficient that the wretch must die,
The sooner done, the lesser crueltie.
But if your conscience vrge you to forbeare,
I shall confute your worthlesse Arguments,
And tell you in the purenesse of my soule,

1688. Read 'sincerely.'
1693. Qy. Read 'Infortuna.'

Report's a lyar, common talke a Foole.
Wayters & Groomes, light-headed like theyr plumes,
And those that doe attend in Princes Courtes,
Too actiue and quicke-witted to depraue
A Courting they proclaime for a consent,
A fauour for the deede, belieue them not:
It is too common, this they hourely doe,
And thinke none chast, but her whom none did wooe,
Y. Fytz. But you did kisse the King.
Floramell. The Queene did see it,
Vrg'de by constraint, and Kingly violence.
Vpon condition hee should wooe no more:
And for that kisse I am esteemd a whore:
If you beleeue I am, I pray proceede,
I kist the King, doe you a murderous deede.
Y. Fytz. Rise, rise, hereafter the discourse Ile tell,
Meane time *Fytzwaters* welcomes *Floramell.*
Floramell. So then I am honest by your owne confession,
But ere I entertaine you as a Husband,
Ile be resolu'd what Loue has past betweene
The Queene and you, that you her Agent are,
In such a weighty cause as is my life.
Y. Fytz. Runs the stream this way, is the wind turnd thus?
Floramell. I must know all.
Y. Fytz. In sight of Heauen I vowe
Shee is as chaste for any lust from mee,
As vnborne Infants, and I vse her loue,
But to aduance my soueraigne and his Realme.
No other cause by honour I protest,
In signe whereof I oppose an innocent breast
Against the sword: if you beleeue not, kill,
But neuer man died for a lesser ill.
Floramel. I am satisfied, rise loue, and let vs goe,
Theres no true ioy without some taste of woe.
Exeunt.

[Scene 5. *Hall in the French King's palace.*]

Enter French King, Bastard, Saxon, Trier, and Mentz, Queene.

F. King. Prosperity I thinke was borne in France,
Tis so obsequious vnto all our acts;
And like a subiect waites vpon our will:
To morrow is this happy enterview,
In which *Fitz-waters* and the Earle of *Artoise,*
Haue promisde to surprise the English King,
And the ambitious *Palsgraue.*
Bastard. If it take,
We shall haue cause to praise our happinesse.
Saxon. Take, out of all surmise: and in my thoughts
It is as good already as perform'de.
Trier. I thinke no lesse.
Mentz. It is most probable.
F. K. Where is the Queen she promisde vs a maske?
Queene. The Maske is ready.
F. K. Be Iouiall Cæsar: mitrth began the night:
And we will end it with the like delight.

Enter King Edward, the Palsgraue, and Y. Fitz. Floramel, Cullen, & diuers Lords in the Maske, they daunce there.

F. King. We are beholding to you Gentlemen,
For this your Court-ship, pray discouer now.
E. King. We will, and make you all die prisoners.
F. K. King *Edward* heere?
Saxon. The *Palsgraue.*
Bastard. All our foes.
Mentz. Whose plot was this?

1757. Read 'mirth.'

Trier. Or is it not a Dreame?
Palsgraue. Tis such a Dreame youl neuer waken from:
To talke of this strange admiration,
Which like the night houers on euery eye:
Know that I haue deluded you with hopes
Vaine, like those villaines, which my sword did kill,
And by a Letter to the King deliuered,
Sent by your Queene, to be reueng'd for lust,
I causde his Maiestie to enter thus.
Queene. I receiuved them in at the backe Gate.
King. Wheres the Lady that has wrong the *Queen?*
Y. Fitzw. Heere is my troth-plight wife,
Freer from that foule imputation,
Then is her Maiestie from iealousie.
King. Is she then chaste?
French King: Ile answere for the Virgin,
By my good Fortunes once, now by my beard,
She is as nobly vertuous of a stranger,
As ere I knew, and though I sought her loue,
I nere obtaind it.
Queene. No, where is my witnesse?
King. Sonne, call them in.
Enter Frenchman, and Englishman druncke.
Palsgraue. What can you sweare?
French: What must wee sweare?
English: Ile sweare that the Lady is a good Ladie,
The Queen a good Queen, & thers an end of swearing.
King. Is this all?
English. And more then you should get of mee, but that the Queene gaue vs golde to say something:
but who haue we here sirrah?
Frenchm. Players, by this light players: Oh I loue a play with all my heart.
English. Begin, begin, we are set. (*Sit on the Railes.*

French: Thats a braue King.

English: Thats a braue boy that playes the Queenes part.

French: He shalbe my Iuggler.

English: And when the play's don, Ile be at charges to bid them all to supper.

Palsgraue. Away with them.

French: I am very sleepy.

English: Would I were a bed.

Y. Fitz. Ile lead you thither.

English. God a mercy good Chamberlaine.

French. The play's done, and now we must go home. Farewell. *Exeunt Fooles.*

Queene. But shal the stream turne, this way is my plot
Become so weake? you will beleeue a Subiect
Before a Queene? I haue out-shot my selfe,
In seeking Iustice at an enemies hand:
This is a crosse beyond the strength of brayne;
Sure I shall end my dayes in Lunacy,
Like one to whom due vengeance is denide,
Because of weaknesse, on my selfe Ile turne
The fury that should light vpon my foe,
Scatter my hayre, like chaffe before the winde,
Hell in this world dwells in a iealous minde. *Exit. Q.*

Pals. Our reuelling has strucke day out of night,
And bright *Aurora* vshers foorth the Sunne
To his diurnall course; yet neyther night,
Day, nor the morning, with her staring beames,
Can stirre vp valour in this *Saxons* brest:
What, is thy minde made captiue with thy body?
Or thinkst thou that I take aduantages
Where honour should be shewd, Ime still my selfe

1806. Read 'But shal the stream turne this way? Is my plot Become so weake?'

Ready to giue an answere to thy challenge
As at the first, and if thou conquerst me,
By my Atchieuements I will set thee free.
Sax. You shew your selfe in this a Noble foe,
And I receiue more honour then I hop't:
I thought, because I was your prisoner,
You had esteemd captiuitie a conquest.
Butsince you haue awa ked sleeping valour,
And giuen your Captiue such priuiledge:
I am the same bolde combattant to dare,
And doe as much as erst I did intend.
Palsgraue. Choose your owne Weapons, and Ile meete you streight.
Saxon. My Armour there. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cullen.

Cullen. *Clinton* and bold *Fytzwaters* are arriu'de,
And bring with them releast from seruitude
Brandenberg, Sauoy, and *Bohemia.*
King. Guide them in.

Enter Old Fytzwaters, Clinton, Drum, and Collours, with Sauoy, Brandenberg, and Bishops, with Soldiers.

Old Fytzw: These with our selues, we humbly doe present vnto your Maiestie.
Clinton. Such as our Swordes by a glorious victorie set free.
King. When Heauen is pleasde to giue prosperitie, How it flowes in: welcome my honord Friends: I am glad your thraldomes proue your libertie.
Sauoy. The King of *England* has bene alwayes kinde.
Bohem. I haue euer found it so.
Brandenb: And so haue I.

1841. Read 'But since you haue awakened sleeping valour.'

Old Fytzw: Whom doe I see? my Sonne that stole my Bride? As you respect my seruice (gracious King) Let me haue Iustice.

Clint: Clinton kneeles with him.

Y. Fytz. To their great seruice, greater I oppose, And doe beseech your Highnes wrong me not.

Old Fytzw: Wrong thee?

Y. Fitzw: I wrong mee, may not Kings doe wrong? Or dare you thinke because you are my Father, Ile loose my wife.

Clinton. Daughter come from him, least I force you hither.

Floramell. Father I may not.

Y. Fytz. Fathers both shee shall not.

King. Weele heare no more of these bold menaces On paine of death I charge you both forbeare: And let my censure sway this difference. In *England* at your house the Byshop tolde mee That *Clintons* Daughter by a precontract, Was young *Fytzwaters* wife; and that some tricke Betwixt the Fathers to preserue theyr wealth, Broke off the match, to haue him wedde the elde. This being true; I charge you on your liues Vrge him no further in his lawfull choyce, But as twas wrong enough to hinder it, Make him amends, by being reconcilde.

Y. Fytz. Which I intreat vpon a dutious knee.

Floramell. And so doe I.

Old Fytzw. Rise, rise, I am frends with you both, and when my Angers ouer you shall find me a kind Father.

Clinton. So shall you.

Y. Fytz. All lets are now remou'd, I am truly happy.

1867. Read 'her.'

Cullen. The Combattants are ready.
King. Guide them in.

Enter seuerally Saxon and the Palsgraue Armd, and in theyr shyrts, Drum & Cullors.

Palsgr. Idle are words where we must vse our swords,
Yet that it may appeare what mindes we beare,
Now we are marcht into this dreadfull Lists,
Know that this day my Honour shall exceede.
Or I lye breathlesse where I set my foote.
Saxon. Were thy brest Marble, & thy ribbs of brasse,
Saxon will haue the superioritie,
Or in this dreadfull place, his life expires.
Palsgraue. Sound trumpets, & the destinies guide all. *Fight, and kills Saxon.*
Bastard. The *Palsgraue* is invincible I thinke.
F. King. Not to be ouercome.
Mentz. Nor to be tam'de by any.
F. King. Matchlesse and farre beyond the praise of words, are all thy actions, let me honour thee.
Palsgraue. Our Friends returnd in safety theres more ioy.
F. King. *Cæsar* resigne your Title vnto *Sauoy,* and *Sauoy,* sit you vp, whilst the *Electors heere* ioyne all their hands to make thee *Emperour.*
Palsgr: Mine as the first.
Bohem.
Trier. And to get your loue,
We will disgrace our selues to honour him.
Bastard. Receiue the Crowne, but as hee weares the same may it crush out his braines.
Palsgr. Long liue and happily the *Germaine Cæsar.*

Sauoy. As happily as your kinde loues haue made me, And as long as please the Heauens.

Palsgraue. Your farther rights shalbe performd with State in *Germanie,* whither I inuite the Maiestie of *England,* and all our Friends.

King. Ile beare you companie.

Palsgr: Faire windes and prosperous to our seueral realmes, wee wish and pray for, tis not our least good to be the Fauorites of the wauing Flood.

Excunt.

FINIS. *W. Smyth.*

NOTES ON THE TEXT.

Dedicatory letter, p. 67. *Quicquid conabor dicere versus erit.* An adaptation or an inexact quotation of Ovid, *Tristium IV*, 10. 25-26.

Sponte sua carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos:
Quicquid temptabam scribere versus erat.

P. 67. *Naturam expellas furca licet vsq; recurrit*—'You may drive off nature with a pitchfork, but she ever comes running back.' Horace, *Epodes I*, 10, 24.

Prologue, 25. 'Nurseries of Art,' a reference to the universities where plays were often acted.

Prologue, 27. 'Cathurnall,' a misprint for 'Cothurnal.' Cf. Jonson, *Poetaster*, V. 1, 130, 'cothurnal buskins.' Cf. also *Lusts Dominions*, V. 5. 'The scene wants actors; I'll fetch more, and clothe it In rich cothurnal pomp.'

13. 'A mere Cæsar,' *i. e.*, one temporarily invested with the powers of Emperor of the Roman Empire. By order of the Golden Bull, issued in 1356 by Emperor Charles IV, the Count Palatine of the Rhine was the arch-steward of the Empire and during a vacancy of the throne he became the administrator of the Empire with the power of presenting benefices, collecting revenues, investing with fiefs, receiving oaths for and in the name of the Holy Empire, but such acts, were to be confirmed by the new Emperor.

52-3. If the author had any particular stream in mind, it was probably the Neckar; and the 'stronger castle' was doubtless the celebrated one at Heidelberg.

54. The meaning seems to be 'Shame to us all if we sit still and allow that to happen.' In *archery* the expression 'give aim' means to guide one by giving him the result of a preceding shot; hence, to direct. In line 668 the phrase is used more nearly in its literal sense.

73. The modern town of Mazières is south of the Loire, in eastern middle France. There is little doubt that the author intended Najarra. See Introduction, p. 30.

84. Relative omitted, as often. Cf. Abbott, *Shak. Gram.*, 244.

101. There seems to have been no provision by which an elector was barred from the emperorship.

147. 'Inflammation,' deep feeling or desire.

163-226. The dramatic motive contained in these lines is that of

the first Act of *Henry IV,* where Northumberland is informed of the overthrow of his party and the death of his son:

'In poison there is physic; and these news
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well.'

213-4. See the comparison of these lines with similar ones from *The foure Prentises of London,* Introduction, p. 48.

230. The beginning of Peter's speech is unintelligible as printed. Perhaps we should read 'Palsgrave, I may helpe him,' but a more plausible reading would be, 'Cullen, I may helpe him.'

239. This speech, though printed as prose, is easily scanned.

241. Compare l. 589.

269. Dejaneira, the wife of Hercules.

275-9. Ben Jonson's additions to *The Spanish Tragedy,* III, 2.

'My sonne? And what's a sonne? A thing begot
Within a paire of minutes, there-about.'

326. With the name *Floramell* compare *Florimell* in Spenser's *Faerie Queene.* Cf. also *Floramell,* a fairy knight in *The Whore of Babylon* (Dekker's Works, II).

330. The figure refers to the fathers who would have prevented the marriage of the young couple.

345. Lord Clinton here prevents Lord Fitzwaters from striking young Fitzwaters. At line 380 Lord Clinton interposes his body between the father and son.

359. 'Pathaires' seems to mean affairs of deep feeling, affairs of the heart. The word is of rare occurrence and of doubtful origin and meaning. In *Arden of Feversham,* IV, 1, we find,

'Such depe pathaires, lyke to a cannons burst.'

Tyrrell, in commenting upon the passage, says (*Doubtful Plays of Shakspere,* p. 409), 'That is, moving sighs; sighs which by their intensity have a pathetic power.'

366. 'Forbeare,' keep away from, or keep from interfering with. Cf. l. 407, for a similar use of the word.

456. In the reign of Edward IV, Lawrence Booth, afterwards Archbishop of York, bought one moiety, nearly 400 acres, in the parish of Battersea, on the Surrey side of the Thames. He annexed it to the see of York and built a house by the river as a residence for the archbishops in their visits to the south. It was used for this purpose till late in the seventeenth century. This would be a very likely place for the runaways to meet if they desired to escape by water. The anachronism is not reprehensible.

520. A reference to the story of Arion.

554. There is some corruption of the text here. Perhaps some remark made by the king is omitted. 'I am satisfied' is evidently Clinton's speech.

576. 'Unvalued,' inestimable, invaluable. Cf. *Richard III*, I, 4, 27.

650. Qy. Read 'my prides defalt.' The passage as printed is unintelligible. The Bastard represents what Saxon's pride necessarily failed of achieving because Saxon admits that he must rule by proxy, being himself 'bard the onely Throane.'

659. 'Rotchet,' a close-fitting vestment of linen worn by bishops.

668. See note 54.

725. 'Regreete.' Compare *Edward III.*, III, 5, 64.

731-3. The first line is spoken to the Bishops, Mentz, and Trier, as is Saxon's speech just preceding. The remainder of the speech is addressed to Saxon.

749. 'Has,' a common contraction of 'he has,' sometimes (always by Jonson) written 'h'as.'

926-7. The meaning is that the succession to the crown is so well established that any attempt to gain ascendency would be fruitless. Besides Prince Richard, the son of the Black Prince and the heir to the throne, Edward, had three sons still living.

949. Spoken to the Palsgrave.

974. The real Robert of Artoise was created Earl of Richmond by Edward.

1012. 'Timelesse,' eternal. Cf. Marlowe, *Edward II*, I, 2.

> 'This ground, which is corrupted with their steps
> Shall be their timeless sepulchre or mine.'

The commoner meaning of 'timeless' is 'untimely.' Cf. *Sir Thomas Wyatt* (Dekker, Works, III, 121).

1018. An anachronism. Pistols were not in use in England until the sixteenth century. Cf. *Pericles*, I, 1, 168.

1081. This speech evidently belongs to the Palsgrave.

1089. Knights of the Order of St. John, called 'Hospitallers,' had their origin at Jerusalem early in the eleventh century. It was not until 1530 that Charles V ceded the island of Malta to the Hospitallers.

1152. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, III, 1, 260.

> 'Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
> Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips.'

1153. 'Pronounce,' announce. The sense apparently is that the sight of the wounds would produce great fear. The figure is extravagant and infelicitous.

1158. 'Locke' means here wig. Cf. the fashionable 'love-lock' worn by men in the early seventeenth century.

1178. 'Sound,' considerable. Qy. Read 'sounder,' for sake of meter.

1245. 'Vades,' vanishes, a doublet of fades.

1312. A proverbially common quibble signifying to come near an object, but never attain it.

1465. 'Ingrossing,' taking the gross or whole of, depriving. Cf. Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels,* IV, 2, 16.

1509. The antecedent of 'that Beggar' is apparently 'honesty' concealed in 'honest.'

1518. 'Paire Royall,' three similar things, especially three cards of the same denomination, as in the game of primero. Cf. Ford, *Broken Heart,* V, 2.

> 'On a pair-royal do I wait in death:
> My sovereign, as my liegeman; on my mistress,
> As a devoted servant; and on Ithocles,
> As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy.'

1545-6. Cf. similar lines from *The foure Prentises of London,* quoted in the Introduction, p. 47.

1548. The familiar quotation based on Tibullus, III, VI, 6. 49. *'Perjuria ridet amantum Jupiter.'* Cf. *Romeo and Juliet,* II, 2, 92.

1635. 'Animated,' intended as a quibble for 'nominated.'

1712. Cf. the proverb 'Gossiping and lying go together.'

1768. The author makes a slip here. The 'villaines' were killed by young Fytzwaters.

1808. 'Out-shot,' overshot. Cf. Chapman, *All Fools,* IV, 1; also *Julius Cæsar,* III, 2, 155.

1895. Bohemia's speech has dropped out in all the copies of the quarto known to me.

1889-1907. The last page of the quarto is not printed as verse, the only apparent reason for this being the impatience of the printer. Beginning with line 1889, I have scanned the verses to end successively with the following words: *words, thee, ioy, Sauoy, heere, Emperour, loue, him, same, braines, Cæsar, me, rights, Germanie, England, companie, Realmes, good, Flood.*

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